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In Woods of God-Realization

OR

Complete Works of Swami Rama Tirtha

VOLUME VIII.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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Photos of Swami Rama and Narayana from $\frac{3}{4}$ th of an anna to 3 annas.									

*Included in his Urdu works.

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INTRODUCTION.

BY

THE LATE LALA AMIR CHAND.

Reproduced here from the last of the old Four Volumes of the First Edition, as this volume is the last of the present complete series of Eight Volumes of the revised Edition.)

THIS is the last of the four Volumes of "*In Woods of God-Realization*," containing all the lectures, letters, poems and writings of the late Swami Rama. It contains the contents, reproduced almost *verbatim*, of his eleven note-books,* with the exception of Note-Book No. IV, which has been reserved for certain reasons for future separate publication. There is also a Lecture of Swami-ji's on the Evils of Capitalism which had to be omitted in accordance with the best legal advice, I also understand that there are still some unpublished Note-Books of Rama with a gentleman of Lahore, Lala Har Lal Sahib, Nazir District Court. I tried

* The Note Books do not now form a part of the volumes of the revised Editions.

much to induce the gentleman to part with them for a short time so that their contents or selections from them might also be included in this Volume, but I do not know why he has not acceded to my earnest request. With these exceptions, to the best of my belief, this Edition of Swami Rama's Works, based on the original manuscripts, bequeathed by him to his beloved and devoted disciple, the learned Shriman R. S. Narayana Swami, is comprehensive, complete and exhaustive.

I must also state here that in the editing of this Volume, brother Puran (now the late Sarcār Puran Singh) has taken no part whatever. Swami Narayana and I are alone responsible for it. Where we differed Swami Narayana had of course the final voice. I must also say here for the information of the readers of this Volume that great difficulty was felt in making selections from his Note-Books, as Rama had not often marked the quotations or indicated their source. A good many quotations have thus been omitted.

We shall feel much obliged if some of the numerous readers of these Works kindly favour us with their opinions on the utility of publishing *in extenso* the contents of this Volume in their present shape. They will be of great help in bringing out the Revised Edition of this Volume. Needless to say that any criticism, remarks or suggestions about the whole Work would be most welcome and will receive our best attention.*

It is a source of great satisfaction to me that the humble and inadequate expression of my admiration for Swami Rama took the shape of my undertaking this publication in May 1908. It was done on the suggestion and advice of Swami Narayana to whom I owe a deep life-long debt of gratitude for the great spiritual benefits I have derived from his company and *upadesha*. It is through his hearty and devoted co-operation alone that this work has been at last satisfactorily

* We regret we have not received any such suggestions, but the present volume has been carefully revised, enlarged and rearranged.

concluded, in one sense at any rate, though I realise that there is still much to be done.

Swami Rama's writings are all at last safely preserved and cannot be lost to the Motherland who needs them most at this critical time of her history. It is a matter of still greater satisfaction and joy that the undertaking has been highly appreciated in many unexpected quarters. Hardly a fortnight passes that I do not get a couple of letters congratulating and thanking me warmly and sincerely in highly complimentary language on the enterprise, and recounting the spiritual blessings accruing to many a hungry and thirsty soul seeking after Truth and Peace of Mind. In spite of more than a century of the introduction of Western civilization into this sacred land of hoary antiquity and of the inevitable tendencies towards "matrialism" that have followed in its wake, it is fortunate that our beloved Motherland has not yet lost its earnest longing for the priceless treasures of the great blessings and sterling virtues of *Sat* (Truth), *Anand* (True Happiness),

Shanti (Peace of Mind), *Prém* (Love), *Bhakti* (Devotion), *Gnana* (Knowledge), *Buddhi* (Wisdom), *Dhyana* (Meditation and contemplation) and *Mukti* (Deliverance from the bondage of Ignorance, the root of all Evil).

It appears to me that Swami Rama—the philosopher, poet, teacher and divine—was one of those great personalities which appear from time to time in this world of ours at the most critical junctures of its history. He was certainly one of the most distinguished and eminent sons of Bharata-varsha who came to us just when he was most wanted. He did not appear on the stage of India's history to found any new sect or society of which we have already too many, to revive any old or defunct religion or form of worship, to promulgate any new doctrines or philosophy, to establish any new Institution, or to unite like Nanak the Hindus and the Mohammedans,—though there is room no doubt for such a work—but his great and noble mission was universal and cosmopolitan. His great aim, his

great life-work was to preach and teach the highest, eternal, spiritual Truths to the whole world, specially to India, in this twentieth century of the Christian era, in this scientific age, in these days of exciting race for wealth, industrialism, competition, socialism, hard struggle for existence, and all the attendant evils.

Is not this teaching just what we need most at this time? Is not his message of spirituality and higher life just the great need of the hour? Is not his entire teaching a strong, emphatic, living protest against the rampant selfishness, the superficiality and dazzling show, worship of form (नाम रूप) and externalism, the intolerance and hostility of religious sects and fanatics, the love of Pleasure with its concomitant evils, the unceasing self-aggrandisement of European nation at the cost of their Asiatic brethren—"sons of the same Heavenly Father"—the heartless use of modern destructive weapons and the great costly preparations for war,—to pick at random some of the characteristics of Modern Civilisation? He

preached the Truth in America, the land of the setting Sun, in Japan, the land of the rising Sun, and in India, the Motherland, and thus unmistakably showed that his mission was world wide, and that his message was meant for all alike, equally for the poor and rich, the old and young, the educated and illiterate, men and women, Asiatics and Europeans, black and white. He recognised and made no distinctions of caste, creed, colour or race, and thus imparted a lesson of immense importance, fraught with most pregnant and weighty consequences and issues to his own country, and also to the West where these distinctions are made much of even in their advanced stage of refinement and culture and in spite of all the influence and power of Christianity and progress of Liberalism. He set forth his teachings for the whole world, though one country like India might be in greater need of them at present. How could it be otherwise in the case of one who fully believed in and realized his oneness, his "at-one-ment" with all others ?

But the striking personality of our Rama does not appeal to me only as a great spiritual teacher. He appeals to me, impresses me, forcibly strikes me as a genuine, sincere and devoted patriot, a true lover of "India, the Motherland," a true and worthy son of Bharata, the *janma bhumi* of great sages, seers and savants, of rishis and munis, ascetics and yogis as well as of the greatest warriors, rulers and heroes; a devoted and faithful *Sevak* (servant) of the holy Aryavarta and a martyr to the cause of the country.

He has clearly taught us our National Dharma and his utterances inspire us with a sense of the great responsibility we owe to our Motherland as the inheritors of a great and historic past.

It has struck me as very strange that this aspect of Swami Rama's great selfless personality, of him who was "in the world but not of it," this trait of his character has not been noticed and recognised in any of the appreciative articles on him that have appeared in the Press or elsewhere since

his "mukti" (release from the cage of the body) in 1906. The seventh part of the Third Volume (of old editions) is enough to amply verify and fully demonstrate the truth of what I have just said above. I dare say that he spoke and wrote about India as fearlessly and boldly as on any abstruse problems of metaphysics, and I may add without fear of contradiction that the great courage and spirit of Martyrdom that he always showed in advocating the cause of the fallen Motherland before foreign nations as in his 'Appeal to the Americans on behalf of India' or in explaining to her unworthy and degenerate descendants the Path of Rise and Progress after centuries of decay and downfall—a phenomenon the like of which no other great nation of the world has witnessed—have been rare even among our best Sannyasins. Had not dear Rama done so, he would never have been to us what he is now. He who was never afraid of tigers and deadly serpents among which he lived, he whom the terrors of the most desolate wilderness and the wildest

mountains could not terrify, he who never retraced his footsteps in the face of imminent danger, he whom the prospect of instantaneous death by the least slip as when climbing the lofty summits of Sumeru (Bunder Punchh) could not frighten and turn back from his firm resolve to reach the goal in view, he who had conquered mighty Death, he to whom this life and death were really alike, could he, could such a one, I say, be afraid to any human power or being, however high, however great, however mighty? It is to this spirit of perfect fearlessness and independence, this perfect indifference to life and death, this absolute indifference to his future that he owed his bold and undaunted advocacy of the Truth, truth relating to this world as well as to the next; truth regarding Governments as well as Priestcraft and Civilization. This is what constitutes his glory, this is what makes him great—as great as any man ever was in this age—this is what raises him above many a preacher, teacher, leader and reformer who often begin with setting up to the

smooth easy motto of "Work along the line of least resistance" as their fundamental principle, and whose first care is their own safety and the interests of themselves and their kith and kin. This is what proves him a true Sunnyasin (सन्ना साधू). Little is known to the general public, even to most of his lovers and admirers, of the unknown persecution by the mundane powers for the Truth he spoke freely in free America and on his return in the land of his birth,—truth that like all the great men and martyrs of the world he spoke irrespective of consequences, regardless of the approbation and disapprobation of those who listened to him; truth—bare, bold, unvarnished; truth not influenced by any worldly motives of sordid gain or loss or considerations of filthy lucre, truth not meddled with or controlled by the "big men," the multimillionaires of the world. It is this spirit of uttering forth the plain truth—bereft of considerations of policy and expediency,—“the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but truth” that makes him a great hero,

this is what imparts force and value to his criticism and condemnation of institutions, governments, civilizations, customs, fashions, priestcrafts, pseudo-reformers, cowardly leaders and men in general.

Swami Rama has rendered another eminent service to the Motherland. It is estimated that there are fifty-two lakhs of Sadhus* in this country. He has set a very high example to them and presented the true ideal of Sannyasa before them. By his own life and teachings he has shown the futility and absurdity of the mistaken, nay, mischievous notion of Sannyasa, namely, that it consists merely in inaction and retirement, in asceticism and self-morification of the body. He lived and moved freely among his fellow men, he travelled far and wide in the most advanced and civilised lands, he taught and discussed with all who approached him in the right attitude, he lectured and wrote, he dealt with such subjects as 'Married Life' and 'Meat-eating,' thus showing that Sannyasa does not mean

* The number has now much exceeded—Editor.

retirement, aloofness or inaction; and establishing the claim of Vedanta to be a practical philosophy applicable to the most complex affairs of daily human life and the most recent problems of modern civilization. By his simple and abstemious, yet active life, he has shown all our Sannyasis the right path, the way of life, the keynote to success which their beloved, yet so neglected, Motherland sorely stands in great, urgent need at this moment. Oh! what a revolution would it mean in the life and condition of Bharat, what a difference would it make to us, what a prominent and potent factor would it become in the future of our country, if even a few lakhs of our Sadhus—a good many of them so well-meaning but misguided—only realized and followed earnestly in actual life the highest teachings of Vedanta as exemplified in the lives of such noble and elevating exemplars of Mankind as—to select only a few at random—the Bal Brahmachari Swami Dayanand, Swami Vivekanand, Swami Ram Krishna Paramhansa, Swami Rama and his disciple,

Swami Narayana, They have all raised the dignity of Industry and honest Work and shown that a life full of active, strenuous (but unattached) action and struggle is not incompatible with or derogatory to the true spirit of Sannyasa. Swami Rama's deliberate, persistent renunciation of all worldly prospects (see his Life-sketch by Puran) and of all his worldly relations and connections in the very prime of life and at the very outset of his promising worldly career—two great obstacles and temptations in the way of so many men—has added one more striking example to so many others of the high and irresistible claim of Truth and Motherland on Man. With the irons of the marriage tie helplessly fettering almost every one in this country so early and so prematurely and without the married people having any choice and voice at any stage in the whole affair, it is strange to me to hear even a learned Shastri (Master of Art) holding and teaching that our duty to our mothers, sisters and wives, the last of whom have been unlawfully given to us in wedlock

at a time when they are incapable even of understanding the nature and object of the marriage bond, was more important, higher and more binding than our supreme duty to the Motherland (*Bharat Janani*) or to the cause of Eternal Truth, Righteousness and Justice.

Swami Rama embodies in himself the highest example of the law of Self-Sacrifice and Renunciation.

But it is not as a Sannyasin alone that he has set a good example and rendered eminent service to India. Even his student life, on which great light has recently been thrown by the publication of the Letters to his Guru, serves as a guide to our students and young men, and solves many of their difficulties and problems. He has shown by his conduct in his School and College career how the difficulty of poverty is capable of being solved in this now impoverished land at any rate. His reverence and obedience, his shyness and modesty, his sympathy with fellow students his patience and peace of mind under very trying

circumstances, his habits of application and industry in spite of constant ill-health, his sense of self-respect, his open door hospitality just after passing the M. A., his great popularity and fame as a Lecturer before his assuming Sannyasa, his never caring for the morrow, are some of the points that have struck me during the perusal of his 300 letters out of about 1,100.

These are some of the aspects and characteristics of his short life and sublime teachings that have struck me at once without devoting even an hour to giving the matter any close thought at the time of penning these Introductory lines. I never saw Rama in the flesh and have not yet had the time and opportunity to study him closely. His teachings are at present practically unknown even to the vast majority of his own countrymen. I feel sure that as they are grasped and assimilated more and more, he will be better appreciated, admired and imitated in the future. It has been a great surprise to me to come to know how great is the number of his lovers and admirers,

how widespread all over India they are and how much quiet, unostentatious influence he has exercised over the people of this country, over his fellow-countrymen even of those parts which he hardly visited, during his short sojourn and public ministry in this world.

These works are being already translated into several vernaculars as Gujrati, Marhatti, Hindi,* Tamil. These translations are in different stages of progress. The Urdu edition of his Works has at last been undertaken by Swami Narayana himself, and the first volume will be out in May next.†

[In connection with these translations and certain other publications as those of Messrs Ganesh & Co. of Madras, it appears to be necessary to explain here that the right of reproduction and translation has been registered and reserved not with a

* The publication of Rama's works in English, Hindi and Urdu has now been taken up by the Rama Tirtha Publication League, Lucknow.

† The first three Volumes of his Urdu works have now been out.

view to monopolise the work of propagating Rama's teachings in order to make money out of it. Nothing could be farther from our thoughts, nothing could be meaner. But it is simply to ensure the purity, the excellence, the correctness and neatness of the Works published that this step has been reluctantly taken.

It is a great surprise and pity that exercise of control and regulating of work has been grossly misunderstood in several quarters even where such a misunderstanding could not be dreamt of. It appears necessary to Swami Narayana who having been duly recognised and formally installed as Swami Rama's successor on his demise and being formally handed over the keys of Rama Matha and Rama's boxes by the late H. H. the Maharaja of Tehri himself in an open Durbar, has the sole proprietary right (in the *laukik* sense only) to these Works, to safeguard and protect the interests of those who were first in the field to risk their money—in some cases borrowed—at his request or according to his advice. Is

it not only fair that he should be mindful of their interest. Is it not his plain duty? Is it not true that in case of heavy loss those brethren are sure to be discouraged from further publication work on whom Swami Narayana counts at present for it? Is it not morally due to those who have pledged and vowed not to take a pice out of the net profits of the work and who are doing the whole thing in a purely *dharmic* spirit, as a labour of love, that there should be no unfair or premature competition in a business-like spirit from mercenary motive? Will it not be a deplorable spectacle, a sad comment on our admiration for Rama if this purely *dharmic* enterprise leads to or involves litigation?

As regards translations, it is not intended in the least to restrict or discourage them. We earnestly wish that there should be translations into *all* the Vernaculars of the country so that these valuable works may reach the masses also, and all who undertake it in the right spirit are most welcome. But Swami Narayana being always very particular and keen in all his

own work about correctness, neatness and literary form and get-up, it appears absolutely necessary that only those who are qualified in every respect to translate and publish these Works should undertake the sacred work, and that it should not be done by any brother from purely selfish motives of gain, as, I am sorry to state, has been the case with some in the past. It is also necessary in the interests of Translators and Publishers (of Translations) themselves that we should be kept informed of those who are doing it, so that they may not suffer from undue competition, as may happen by several gentlemen publishing a translation *in the same vernacular* simultaneously and without knowing of each other's undertaking. It is simply with such highest motives that the enterprise of others is only being *controlled*.

What a pity that this attempt should be misunderstood, even condemned by some who subscribe themselves as great admirers and lovers of Rama ! How long shall all good and useful work in our country suffer from the curse of such misunderstandings,

petty jealousies, selfishness and other vices that serve as impediments ! I fully trust the above lines will clear the matter and remove such misunderstandings and differences as have recently risen in certain brethren's minds through ignorance of our motives and reasons of the course we have been obliged to adopt owing to the abuse of their privilege by some of them.]*

It is clear from all the above that Swami Rama's influence belongs more to the Future than to the Past and that he will exercise a more prominent and powerful influence over the future course of events in this country than is now known or realized, as he would have done had he not prematurely left us so suddenly. His worth will be better known, understood and realized now that he is no more with us in the flesh. Will it be out of place for me to suggest here that all sincere and devoted admirers and lovers of Rama

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may meet once a year, if possible and convenient, on the day of his demise or birth at some central place like Delhi or in different places by rotation to which different brethren may invite, to exchange views, to study together Rama and to consider and decide what steps should be taken to expound and propagate his teachings throughout the length and breadth of the country?

It remains for me now to record my best thanks to all those who have rendered me great and valuable help in many ways in this great enterprise. Swami, Narayana has been my guide and helper throughout—without him I could not have done it. Some have helped me by their criticisms and valuable suggestions, some by making necessary alterations and corrections in language, some by copying and typing from the original manuscripts, some by reading to me from the original while I was going through the proofs, some even in the drudgery of despatch work, and last but not least a good many have actively and zealously co-operated in making the publication

known to others and inducing them to get and read the Volumes. If I should specify and select even a few names, it would make this lengthy Introduction too long. So I avail myself of this opportunity of sincerely thanking them all and of reminding them that they have still to do much in various ways.

May Rama's choicest blessings fall upon them ! May it fall to the lot of many to take up the Cross of Truth and Justice and follow the noble and elevating example of Rama !

In conclusion, I apologise to all the readers for the length of these observations written in great haste just a few days before the belated publication of this Volume in a foreign language of which I do not profess to have a great command and also for the great delay which has occurred in its publication owing to unavoidable reasons. I would also wish it to be clearly understood that while acknowledging my great debt of spiritual benefit which I owe to Swami Rama and expressing

my great admiration for him, I am prepared to subscribe to *all* the doctrines which he has propounded and only am anxious to make his whole teaching known to the world.

<i>Delhi,</i> <i>26th April, 1913.</i>	}	AMIR CHAND
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P. S.

I also feel it my duty to acknowledge the kindness of the well-known Rev. C. F. Andrews, M. A. (Professor, St. Stephen's College, Delhi, and now comrade of Mahatma Gandhi) who, besides writing the Introduction to the First Volume, has helped me by looking over and correcting the English of this Introduction. The photo of Swami Narayana has been put in this volume entirely on my own initiative. It appeared to me appropriate that it should have a place in this, the last volume.

A. C.

INTRODUCTION

(TO THE FIFTH EDITION)

A perusal of the introduction by the Late L. Amir Chand will make it quite clear that the League does not want to stand in the way of other persons publishing Rama's Works but is, on the other hand, anxious to propagate the inspiring teachings of Swami Rama, as much as possible, so that one and all may be benefited by them. The only safeguard and control which the League has in view, is the purity of language, nice get up, and cheap price which may be within the means of all. If any publisher or translator will undertake to translate and publish the Works under the said safeguards and control, the League will be glad to give him permission for it.

It will be evident from the perusal of the publisher's note that these Note-Books have been received and rearranged and brought out in an improved form in this new edition in two nice handy volumes.

May the message of Swami Rama, contained in these volumes inspire one and all.
Lucknow, 26th July 1932. **B. P. Bhatnagar**

INTRODUCTION

(TO THE SIX EDITION)

This volume is the last one of Swami Rama's English Works, 'In Woods of God Realization'. In addition to the first four lectures, one essay on 'Wisdom V/S Knowledge' has been added to this volume. It is not all. We have inserted two more letters to it. The first four additions are those that were omitted from the sixth edition of Vol. VI, while the remaining three ones have been reprinted from the Practical Wisdom, a fortnightly journal, started at the instance of Swami Rama by Swami Sivaganacharya of Shanti Ashram, Muttra, U.P., India and edited by Mrs. Eva. A. Wellman *alias* Swami Suryananda, of U.S. America. But at the same time, Rama's Essay on Mathematics and the portions of his Note Books have been omitted from this edition, as the former is already printed in the form of a separate pamphlet, while the latter forms a part of his Note Book that is in two volumes. In spite of these omissions the bulk of this volume has increased by more

than 50 pages. This increase along with that in price of paper and cost of printing etc., has compelled us to increase the price of this volume.

In his 'Replies to Class Questions' and in 'Informal Talks', Swami Rama has shed light on about two dozen subjects, dealing with our work-a-day life. While he enlightens our *hearts*, *head* and *hands* by "the precious gems of purest rays serene", hidden in his lectures, essays and letters. His letters illustrate the real state of his living, showing that his *head*, *heart* and *hands* were so much saturated with divinity that the current of blessings fell from the clouds of all the three *h's* in cats and dogs. The songs of the Ganges and the chorus of the birds kept up a celestial festival all the time to him in his 'snug cottage' at Gangotri, while at Jagadevi Lawn his leaking hut, where an umbrella had to be kept open all the time under the roof to save the books from being drenched, brings him joy of an aquatic life.

Nay, just after his ill-health he started

on his trip to Sumeroo, wearing no cloth except a rag round his loin (*kopin*) and boldly facing the mountains and other impediments that stood as bar in his onward journey. They all give way and prove that all obstructions must disappear before a strong adamantine will. It is not all. He travelled from this source of the Jamuna to that of the Ganges, within three days, via *Chhaya route*, as it is always covered by the shades (not of trees but) of clouds and while others travel the distance in not less than 10 days by circuitous route. The rays of his divine love emanated from him to such an extent that even the obnoxious animals such as dragon and tiger paid homage to him, while he was living in a cave at the top of Basoon (Vasisthashram).

All this shows that he made every object a stepping stone to God, or rather a mirror to see Him. This universe was the Garden of Eden to him, as he lived so happily in the busy streets as any body might move in the forest, feeling the Self as disinterested witness and Light. In the latter

days of his life, his identification with his body ceased to exist to such an extent that he had to leave it to enter into Eternal Life, where one is Conscious of the Everlasting Bliss—*Sachchidanand*. May this bliss, that is the birth-right of every one be realized by us and by our readers is the earnest prayer of

Shanti Prakasha.

President, R. T. P. League.

Dated Rama Tirtha Nagar,

Lucknow: April 15, 1944.

A BRIEF LIFE SKETCH

OF

Swami Rama Tirtha

By

Mr. Narayana Swaroop, B. A., L. T.,

(One of the patrons of the League.)

Swami Rama, previously known as Gosain Tirtha Rama, M.A., was
1. Birth and Family. born on Wednesday, the 22nd
October, 1873, on the day following the Diwali at Muraliwala, a small village in the District of Gujranwala, Punjab. Born in the family of Gosain Brahmans, he was the direct descendant of Gosain Tulsi Das,* the famous author of the Hindi Ramayana and in the line of Rishi Vasishtha, the Guru of Bhagwan Rama Chandra.

His father Gosain Hirananda had no means of livelihood except what he received as gifts in his priestly tours to Peshawar and Swat. His mother passed away when he

* It has now been ascertained that he was not the descendant of Goswami Tulsi Das.

was but a few days old, and he was brought up by his elder brother Gosain Guru Das and his old aunt.* Swami Rama was thus born under the lowly roof of a poor but noble Brahman family.

He was brought up on cow's milk and remained very weak and thin during his childhood. His aunt, who was a model of goodness, chastity and devotion, used to take the little Rama along with her to temples and shrines where the worship of the Deity, the recitations from the Puranas, the Mahabharat and the Bhagwat, and the blowing of the conches had a strange fascination and charm for him, so much so that he used to cry if he heard the conches blow in the neighbourhood, and no toys, no sweets, nothing indeed satisfied the baby short of its being taken to the place of worship.

As a child he was very attentive in listening to the recitations of the sacred lore and would rather forego his meals or even

* As well as by his elder sister Tirtha Devi.

the much-loved studies than not go to attend the 'Kathas'.

He ruminated over the stories he had heard with a precocious mind, put questions and offered appropriate explanations. His village people bear testimony to his unusual intelligence, his contemplative nature and his love of solitude.

Thus the devotional songs and stories and the sacred sound of the conches had early impressed the baby mind and sown the seeds of intense longing for the Divine.

Quite an uncommon child, it was predicted by astrologers that he was the coming genius of his race, the illuminator of faith, a traveller of foreign lands, and had danger of life by water in his 33rd year. This prediction came true literally.

While he was yet a baby, only two years old Rama was betrothed by his father to the infant daughter of Pandit Rama Chandra of Veroki in the Tehsil Wazirabad of District Gujranwala, and was married in his tenth year. It can only be imagined

3. Early
Marriage.

how the early marriage stood in the way of Rama's studies later on, but at the time he was too young to make any protests. It points forcibly to one of the evil customs of our Hindu Society which not a few still follow in their ignorance and only succeed in putting a double burden of a student and household life on the shoulders of their younger generations stunting their growth, undermining their health and intellect, and ruining their lives for good.

It was through sheer strength of determination, devotion and love for studies that Rama successfully met and overcame every obstacle put in his way.

He became a student at the age of five.

4. Student
Life.

He was admitted into a Vernacular Primary School in the village Muraliwala.

Though tiny in size and simple in habits, he had a splendid memory and was both intelligent and industrious. The Head Maulvi of the school was at times quite astonished at his intelligence and memory. At this early age in his

(i) Primary
Education.

5th class, he had finished Gulistan and Bostan (the two standard Persian books) besides the school-books, and had committed to memory a large number of Urdu poems.

But he was not given to sports and games at all. The whole day was spent in study, and in the evening as soon as he got leisure he used to go to Dharmashalla to hear the much loved recitations of the sacred books. On his return he took his evening meals and recited before his admiring relations each and every word of what he had heard without any additions or alterations whatever.

After finishing the primary education he went with his father to the High School in Gujranwala, a distance of about 7 miles from his village. Being only ten years old he was there left by his father under the protection of his able and kind friend Bhagat Dhanna Ramji, who was consequently regarded by Rama and accepted in true faith and devotion as his Guru or Spiritual Guide.

(ii) Secondary
Education
and Guru.

He was admitted there in the special class to study English and after coming out successful was taken into the middle class in 1886. He was now 12 years old and cherished an intense devotion towards his Guru whom he wrote his first letter in Urdu from Veroki (his father-in-law's place). In the course of his secondary and college education he exchanged more than a thousand letters with his Guru, many of which have been collected and printed in Urdu in the form of a Book called Rama Patra. They are highly interesting to read and show the great depth of devotion, faith and respectful attitude which he always had for his Guru, who was not a man of letters.

In 1888 when fourteen and a half years old, he passed his Entrance Examination from the Punjab University, standing first in his school and 38th in the University, and gained a scholarship. Though his father did not want him to read further, he came to Lahore for admission into College. Consequently, he had to subsist on

(iii) University
Education,
(a) Entrance

the small sum of scholarship that he had secured from the Municipal Committee, Gujranwala, on account of his first position in the school already mentioned and was admitted in the Mission College, Lahore. In his second year specially, he worked so hard that he was very often ill. It was not unoften that he kept himself absorbed in his studies from sunset to sunrise. Solitude, hard work, and ample time for his studies were what he loved dearly.

(b) F. A. He stood first in F. A. in 1890 and also secured the Government's scholarship notwithstanding his continued illness and the fact that he had taken Sanskrit in F. A. as against Persian which he had studied up to Entrance.

(c) Trials and difficulties in B. A. He continued his studies in the B. A. class in the same Mission College with perfect faith in God and his Guru and maintaining life on the scholarship he secured. But when his father saw that he could maintain himself without his help and was not willing to undertake any service according to his

wishes, he felt very angry and took Rama's wife with him to Lahore and left her also in charge of poor Rama for a year or so without any kind of support from himself. Gosain Rama had now to face a number of difficulties, *viz.*, the house-rent, the cost of books, the college fee, the expenses for his wife and himself etc, etc. But such was his undaunted courage to meet any difficulties and the supreme love of knowledge for its own sake that he could entirely forget the ordinary comforts and physical needs of daily life.

He would forego an extra suit, an extra loaf or even a day's meal for the oil of his midnight-lamp and would actually starve for days together, without, however, showing the least signs of suffering or sorrow on his face, for he attended College regularly with a calm and peaceful appearance and kept to his studies as usual.

Once Gosain Rama happened to spend almost all his scholarship in the purchase of his text books and did not care at the time to make provision

(d) An incident.

for other expenses. As a consequence he found out that what he had left was only a very trifling sum which could be spent during the month at the rate of only 3 pice or 9 pies per day. He was at first rather at a loss what to do, but a moment after said to himself that God wanted to test him, that at least beggars did pass their days on two or three pice a day and hence he should not fail under that trial. Rama, therefore, began to subsist on two pice worth of bread in the morning and only one pice worth in the evening. But soon after, one evening the shop-keeper accosted him with the remarks that he took pulse free along with one pice of bread; that such a business could bring him no profit and hence he could no more sell one pice worth of bread to him. Thereupon Rama resolved to partake of food only once a day until he got money again.

Thus with an iron will did he fight his
 (a) Character way coolly day and night like a
 as a
 Student. soldier and win over field after
 field of knowledge. Hunger and thirst,

cold and heat, could not tell upon this supreme passion that he felt towards knowledge. He was a typical student who loved to study not with any hope of gaining worldly ends but for satisfying the ever-growing thirst for knowledge which was firing his soul anew with every new sun. His daily studies were sanctified oblations on the altar of this "*havan kund*," He was the patient architect of himself from childhood to manhood. He built himself little by little, moment by moment and day by day. It may be said that perhaps the whole career of his further life was sketched already before his mind's eye, because even as a boy he was working so gravely, so silently and so consciously for a definite mission. He had an angelic nature with a purity and innocence of life rarely met with.

As a student he lived in extreme poverty.

- (f) Dress. The dress of the boy Rama consisted of a shirt, a pair of Punjabee trousers and a small turban, each made of a cheap and very coarse country cloth, the entire outfit costing about Rs. 3. He

always wore native shoes even while studying in B. A. class; and was rather in a fix what to do when he had to use the prescribed pair of boots in the Convocation Hall. Once he lost one of his shoes in a drain while it was raining, and the next day he went to College with the remaining shoe in one foot and an old used shoe of a female in the other. Afterwards he purchased a new pair for nine annas and three pies only.

He had a soft handsome face of a typical Aryan cut. The eyebrows arched over a pair of spectacles covering deep black eyes, which showed the mysteries and love of his soul. In contrast with a big, broad, prominent forehead, showing high intellectual power, there was feminine softness round his lips. When he was serious, the lower lip pressed against the upper on a small round chin, which betokened indomitable strength of will. But he was bashful like a modest girl. Living as he did in the light of love, he looked transparently pure through his small, frail, fair-coloured body. And yet,

(g) Physical
appearance.

under this unassuming humble appearance, there lay hid a remarkable man with some lofty aspirations and noble aims, which the Brahman body thought too sacred to be uttered.

Now to return to our narrative of his studies in the B. A. class, we find
 (h) Greater Trials. still greater trials awaiting for Gosain Rama. In the year in which he appeared for his B. A. examination, there was such a confusion in the examination of English papers that some of the best boys failed to pass while the one who came out first was the boy whom the Principal was not going to send up at all. Poor Rama was also one of those who failed, and he failed by only three marks in English although he was first in the whole University in the aggregate of marks.

There was a great agitation and discussion in the papers which
 (i) New Rule passed. resulted in the passing of a new rule in the University, though nothing could be done for Rama. It came into force from the next year and provided

for the re-examination of the answer-books of a boy who failed by only five marks. Rama had, therefore, to accept his hard lot and to continue his studies in B.A., for one year more. That very year a state-scholarship was awarded for the study of Mathematics in England to a candidate who was not over 21 years and had passed his B.A. or M. A. in Mathematics. This was eligible for Rama but as he failed in B. A., he could no longer get it.

Again, the scholarship, which he was hitherto getting, was also stopped owing to his failure in B. A. This was a moment of sore trial for him and although he saw only gloominess all around yet his trust in God never forsook him and his courage never failed him.

He resolved all the more firmly to pass his B.A. examination and with
 (j) Resolution and Self-Surrender. tears in his eyes he prayed to God in solitude making a total self-surrender of himself. From the depths of his grieved heart came forth the well-known couplet:—

त्वमेव माता च पिता त्वमेव । त्वमेव दन्धुरश्च सखा त्वमेव ॥

त्वमेव विद्या द्रविणं त्वमेव । त्वमेव सर्वं मम देवदेव ॥

Thou alone art my mother and father,

Thou alone my relation and friend.

Thou art knowledge, Thou art wealth,

Thou art all, my God of gods !

The next day, when he got himself
admitted in B. A. again, he found

(k) Unexpected
help. to his great surprise that the

College sweetseller L. Jhandu

Mall came full of sympathy and requested
him to dine thereafter daily at his house.

Rama, of course, accepted the timely offer
and invitation. The generous sweetseller

not only helped him with food but provided
him with clothes also from time to time and

also a free house to live in. In times of
great need he was helped with money and

food by one of his relatives also namely P.
Raghunath Mal, Assistant Surgeon, who

was also his teacher for some time. Not
only this but the Principal called him and

handed over a sum of Rs. 53-0 only saying
that it was given to him for Rama by some-

body. He hesitated to accept the whole sum

but only half of it, and entreated the Principal to spend the other half for some College purpose, or, to pay to Mr. Gilbertson, the Professor of Mathematics, who had been very generously paying up half of his College fee. But the Principal pressed him to accept it and he had to do so. Moreover, he undertook some private tuitions also, even giving free instructions to some in his hard pressed time, for he took a great delight in teaching. Thus he toiled on till the time was ripe to send the University fee of Rs. 30-0 only. "God helps those who help themselves." Just when he was thinking about it and how to meet the difficulty, Mr. Gilbertson, who was extremely pleased with Rama's industry and intelligence, called him apart and gave him something wrapped in a piece of paper. On going home he opened the little packet and found to his surprise the exact sum of Rs. 30-0 only.

In his test examination, he stood first gaining 60 marks more than
 (1) B. A, test were required for First Division.

In mathematics he gained 145 marks out of 150. He had so much self-confidence when he appeared in his B. A. examination that in his mathematics paper while he had a choice of doing any 9 questions out of 13, he solved all of them and requested the examiner to select any nine, although the paper was a stiff one and other boys were able to do 3 or 4 questions only at their best.

In 1893, his success was a marked one, for he stood First in the Puniab (m) B. A. Result. University in B. A., and in First Division, securing 310 marks. He also gained two scholarships, amounting to Rs. 60 per month besides a gold medal, a gown, and other rewards. All this was the result of his perfect trust in God and firm determination.

He was now nineteen and a half years old when he entered for his M. A. (n) M. A. Stndy, in Mathematics in the Government College, Lahore, as there was then no M. A. class in the Mission College. He used to teach his class-fellows with so much

pleasure, that he used to leave off his own work at once, however busily engaged, if any of them asked him a question. While studying for his M. A., he also acted as an honorary professor of Mathematics in the Forman Christian College, where he had himself studied, and worked for about two years thinking it to be his duty to discharge the debt he owed to his Alma Mater. He used to study at least four or five books on the same subject. He was the idol of all his teachers who were always very kind to him. When he passed his B. A., with distinction, he had a chance to accept the State scholarship for Civil Service, but he only liked to be a teacher or preacher.

In one of his letters to his Guru, dated the 9th February 1894, he
 (o) Daily routine in M. A. writes about his daily routine as follows:—

“I rise from bed at about 5 A. M. and study till 7 A. M., then go to answer the call of nature, take my daily bath and exercise. After that I go to Panditji (reading in the way). There, after an hour, I

take my food and go to College along with him in a conveyance. On return from College I take milk in the way and after a few minutes' stay at home I proceed towards the river Ravi where I take a walk for about half an hour by its side. On my return I make a round of the city through its gardens and reaching home again walk up and down the roof of the upper story of the house until it becomes dark. But you should not forget that I walk up and down never without studying from a book at the same time. On dusk I take my exercise and after it read till 7 p. m. Then I go to take my meals and to teach Prem, (a student). On return I take exercise again and then study till about half past ten in the night and lastly go to bed. It is my experience that it is only when our stomach is in a healthy condition that we feel cheerful and buoyant, concentrated and keen in intellect and memory and can offer our prayers to Him with a pure heart. I, for one, partake of food very sparingly and what I do eat I make it a point to digest thoroughly."

It may be remembered that being very studious, Rama was, in his student-life even up to B.A., very weak in health, often suffering from fever, headache and constipation of which he wrote to his Guru in some of his letters. But now he realized the value of open air exercise and light but nourishing food well digested. In his M.A., in 1894, he took delight in taking pure milk so much that he wholly subsisted on it and took long walks, often of 30 miles without feeling tired. On the contrary he felt very healthy, light and clear in brain. He invented new and old exercises but very effective at the same time. One of them was to raise and lower slowly a bedstead (*charpai*) which he could do 160 times and which the strongest of the College boys could not do more than 20 times. He never used an umbrella even in the hottest sun or the rainiest day.

In 1925, when Rama was about 20 years old, he obtained his M.A., degree in Mathematics with a very high percentage of marks, although

(p) Food and Exercise

(q) M.A. Result.

the Mathematics papers that year were specially hard, the like of which (as Rama himself says) were never before set in any Indian University in M.A.

‘Mr. W. Bell, then Principal of the Government College, Lahore, thought very highly of his exceptional attainments and wished him to go up for the competitive Examination of the Provincial Civil Service. But Gosain Rama’s own desire was to teach Mathematics which he had acquired with an infinite amount of labour. He thought in those days of taking the State Scholarship—as was his right that year and going to Cambridge for the Blue Ribbon. But he was destined to be a greater man in another line than a mere Senior Wrangler, and the scholarship was given to a young Mohammedan.

For some time, after his M. A. in 1895, he opened Private Classes in
 5 Service and Public work. Mathematics for F. A. and B. A. students on Rs. 10 and Rs. 15 each, per month, respectively, and besides these students one or two professors of the

Colleges also came to study with him. All this was a very hard work and told upon his health. So he had to return to his home Muraliwala in Gujranwala. After regaining health a few months after he came back to Lahore and became a member and later on the Secretary of the Education Committee of Sanatan Dharma Sabha. In the meanwhile he learnt the art of Drawing in the Anglo Vedic College, Lahore.

Then near the end of 1895, he became the Second Master of American Mission High School, Sialkote, on Rs. 80 p. m. and in a few days he became known among the boys as one who could multiply, by memory, sums reaching to millions. Many a boy from distant places flocked in his school and he was on such familiar terms with them that whatever they asked for, he gave them without hesitation. Any boy could, according to his need, go and drink milk from the sweet-seller on Rama's account. Thus he spent the whole of his pay on students and passed

a simple life among them full of mercy, sympathy and unselfishness. He also took part in the local Sanatan Dharma Sabha and other religious bodies giving his inspiring lectures as at Lahore.

In 1896, he also became the Superintendent of the Mission Boarding House, Sialkote, but only after a month or two, in the same year he got an appointment as Professor of Mathematics in the Forman Christian College, Lahore.

He also acted as Reader for a short time in the Oriental College,
(ii) Lahore. Lahore. Whatever he got as his pay of professorship he used to distribute, almost the whole of it, at once among the deserving persons and thus left for himself a very scanty and trifling sum month by month. He cared not for his own physical self and its comforts, nor for wealth, or clothes, or material needs, but was being gradually transformed and coloured inwardly with true mental renunciation (*Vairagya*).

He had an intense love for Bhagwad

- (6) Devotion to Krishna. Gita and read and re-read it time after time till he had dived deep into its inner meanings and made himself one with it. His devotion to Shri Krishna developed to such an intensity that many a night found him weeping constantly in his separation so much so that his bed sheets were found all wet in the morning. He would go to the Ravi-side and remain absorbed in meditation till late in the night. All his holidays were spent in constant thought of his beloved Krishna, and if he lectured in Sanatan Dharma Sabha on 'Bhakti' or 'Krishna' all the words that dropped from his lips were quite wet with tears. At this stage of his spiritual development he very often beheld the cloud-coloured Krishna with a bamboo flute on his lips and dancing on the head of a cobra, face to face, with his eyes open and his senses all about himself.

- His Holiness Jagadgurn Shri 1108 Shri
 7. (i) Jagad Guru's reception and Vedanta. Raj Rajeshwar Tirtha Swamiji, Shankaracharya of Sharda Matha, Dwarka, Kathiawar

happened to come in Lahore during these days. He was very proficient in Upanishads and Vedanta, and was so learned in Sanskrit language and the Shastras that he had no equal.

Gosain Rama had the occasion to receive him on behalf of the Sanatan Dharma Sabha and had full opportunity to enjoy his blessed company.

His intense devotion to Krishna now changed its direction and worked with an equal force in search of self-realization, as taught in Vedanta,

He now began to make a thorough study of the Upanishads, the Vedanta Sutras and other books on Vedanta, and determined to pass his summer vacation in Hardwar and Rishikesh for spiritual exercises and deep meditation on Self. Hence in August 1897, he hired a house by the Ganges-side in Hardwar and began to enjoy the bliss of deep meditation in solitude (the realizing in practice what he studied about Vedanta in theory).

Thus by continued practice, his spiri-

(ii) Mental
Renunciation. tual bliss developed to such a pitch that on October 25th 1897, the Diwali day, it led him spontaneously to make a total self surrender or renunciation of all and he wrote to his father to the effect that Rama had, on Diwali day, gambled away his body for the Real Self.

After this Rama was ever absorbed in contemplation of the Self or Atman, and knew not day from night but the One Supreme Realization or the search after the Absolute Truth.

(iii) Sabha. At the same time, in February 1899, in order to taste of the Sweet Nectar of Divine Bliss in company with others, he organized a Sabha at his place called the Advaitamrita Varshini Sabha, which consisted mostly of Sadhus and Mahatmas.

It was held once every week, and whatever conclusions were drawn from an earnest discussion on Vedanta, they were worked upon and practised by the members in solitude for a week and the experiences

related before Rama in the next meeting for further instructions. Thus Rama became more and more absorbed in the real Bliss and nothing could shake him from his concentration of mind and inner peace.

Although outwardly he was sometimes very busy but inwardly he enjoyed the eternal peace. It was during these very days, in 1898, that for the benefit of the student community Rama delivered a lecture on Mathematics, which was afterwards published in the form of a pamphlet and called "How to excel in Mathematics"—the treatise now published again in the present volume.* This was his first English speech and written work, and it was followed by writings in different languages.

He had such an intense devotion to study that a whole library of books on religion and philosophy of the West was mastered in a short time. The Rishis of the Upanishads, Patanjali, Jaimini Kanad, Kapila, Gautama, Vyas,

* It is now deleted from this edition of the volume, as it is published separately in a book form:— Ed.

Krishna, Shankara, were as much at his fingers' end as Hafiz, Attar, Shams Tabrez and Maulana Rum; Kant, Schopenhauer, Fichte and Hegel, Goethe and Carlyle were as familiar authors as Tulsi Das, Sur Das, Kabir, Tuka Ram and Nanak, who were undoubtedly his inspirers. He was perfectly at home in Persian, English, Hindi, Urdu and Sanskrit Literatures. He studied the four Vedas in 1906, and was a master Pandit of every Mantra, whose every word he analysed with the acute accuracy of a philologist. Not only had he a mastery over literature but was a keen student of Science and Mathematics. He loved Science and was an amateur chemist and botanist. His special study in the Philosophy of Science was Evolution. He enjoyed the scientific candour and truthfulness of Spinoza, Spencer, Darwin, Haeckel, Tyndal, Huxley and Professor James. Thus he made himself quite a prodigy of learning. It seems every minute of his thirty three years was so well utilised, He was very hard working till his last moments.

While in America he went through in two years, in spite of his strenuous public labours, almost the whole range of American literature taking a particular delight in the free chants of Walt Whitman and Thoreau.

10. Character and Personality. He was in a strange humour all his own when he judged all the world's authors, prophets poets and mystics. There was no pedantry and not the slightest shadow of affected pride or anything unreal when he acted like an impartial judge in his own way. He was a scholar, scientist and spiritualist of a very high order in one, Simultaneous with his intellectual culture, he had brought his spiritual development to a very high pitch. Crowded Lahore could no more satisfy the amplitudes of his soul. Whatever time he could get, he would spend in the Himalayan hills and jungles meditating on the Upanishads and the secrets of the Ancient Aryan "*Brahma vidya*."

11. Realization. "It was in the forests of Brahmapuri, near Rishikesh, in 1898, that

Rama realized his object,—the Atman, the Self. He went there all alone and without any thing but a few Upanishads. Again and again he went over them and meditated by the Ganges side on bare rocks day and night little caring for rain or sunshine but all absorbed in the one thought of self-realization.

He had determined to lose his very life in the attempt or to gain it, and he did succeed.

He attained to that fearless blissful *oneness* state of mind where there is no more delusion or repentance, and knowing or rather realizing which nothing remains to know.

The inner fountains of Divine Bliss were now incessantly and spontaneously flowing out of him and shedding benediction all around him. Shrutis and Smritis, verses and songs, thoughts and things, questions of philosophy and religion, politics and society, whatever now came from him, were changed by the mysterious effects of his inner soul and came out with refreshing

beauty in a new form, wearing garment of Rama-consciousness. He saw the Universe in Himself and Himself in the Universe. He enunciated the great law that "the whole Universe serves one as his body, when he feels the Universal soul as his very self."

Not only a spiritualist and a veritable prince of all Oriental dharma-
 12. Exercise. mers and Yogis, he was a great champion of physical exercise. He delighted in designing new methods of physical exercise. He could never forego his daily exercise. He was seen, even a few minutes before his death, taking, as was his wont, his physical exercise. Thus out of a thin frail body, he managed to emerge a strong man of staglike nimble activity. He was a great and swift walker. He could walk more than 40 miles a day as a Swami in the Himalayan hills. He won in America a 40 miles race, which he ran out of fun in competition with some American soldiers coming two hours ahead of the winner. He scaled Gangottari, Yamunottari,

IX IN WOODS OF GOD-REALIZATION

Badari and Kedarnath peaks, clad in a small strip of a loin-cloth and a blanket. He crossed from Yamunottari to Gangottari through glaciers. He lived in snows, slept in caves, in thick dreary jungles all alone. He would roam about at midnight in dark jungles defying death and fear. He was so fearless, so bold, so vehement, so strong and so roseate and yet he was so gentle, unaffected, childlike pure and noble, sincere, earnest and unassuming that all who came in contact with him with a heart yearning for the truth could not but receive inestimable benefit. After each lecture or class-lesson questions were put up, which were always answered so clearly and concisely, sweetly and lovingly. He was ever filled with bliss and peace, a constant spring of bubbling joy and happiness, and ever chanting the sacred syllable OM when not engaged in talking, writing or reading. He saw divinity in each and all, and every one was addressed by him as "Blessed Divinity."

Free, free was he like a child and saint. He would remain in God-consciousness for

days together. His unfaltering devotion to India and his desire to raise her benighted people was indeed perfect self-abnegation.

His personality may be described as explosive. He would remain
 13. *Personality.* silent for months together as if he had nothing to say. He remained merged in joy. All of a sudden he will burst out like a volcano and give out his thoughts in a wild manner. Whenever he spoke or wrote, one could be sure of getting something very refreshing and original. His highly cultivated emotion, bold independence of thought and his great towering intellect formed an attractive feature of his personality. He was deeply sincere and irresistibly sweet. Moham-medans and Hindus loved him alike. To see him was to feel inspired with new ideals, new powers, new visions and new emotions.

Whatever he taught, he had not only
 14. *Doctrines and Views.* thought upon, but he had actually seen its working in his own life. He used to say that he believed in *experimental religion*. According to him the

art of living consists in *luminous belief*. Just as in science, authority has little weight in arriving at Truth, so in religion, authority should have little or no weight and its truth must be tested by trusting your life to it. Every one must reach the inner man, the Self, the Atman, through the failures and successes of his own life or through Self-Realization. Life itself is the greatest revelation. The great idea which runs as an undercurrent in all his discourses is the renunciation of body-consciousness (*Ahankara*) and the realization of self to be the Self of universe. The false ego is the cause of all limitations. Eliminate it and the spirit of man is the universal spirit pervading every where and everything. This higher life is to be realized, and Rama sanctions all means by which it may be attained. The bed of thorns or the bed of roses whichever induces the state of realisation in us is to be blessed. Total self-abnegation is the essential prelude to this realisation and it may be effected by different individuals in different ways.

Hence he gives only the general outlines of his main conclusions, and sketches the method which were most helpful to him.

Vedanta is to him by no means a mere intellectual assent but a most solemn and sacred offering of body and mind, at the holy altar of Love. Rama's Vedanta is the beautiful calm of that super-consciousness which transcends the limits of body and mind where all sound dies, where the sun and moon get dissolved where the whole cosmos ripples like a dream and is eddied into the Infinite. It is from here that he throws the ladder for us to reach him and see the sights of the world below. Perennial peace is diffused there and the man is entirely lost in God. All discussion ceases there. And those who are there simply look around and smile and say to every object 'thou art good', 'thou art pure', 'thou art holy', 'thou art That.'

"Neither the sun shines there, nor sparkles the moon,
Pranas and Sound are hushed into silence,
All life reposes in soul's sweet slumber,
No God, no man, no cosmos there, no soul,
Naught but golden Calm and Peace and Splendour."

In the summer vacation of 1899 he
16 (i) Journeys. went to make a pleasure trip in
Kashmir. He visited Srinagar
and thence went on a pilgrimage to Amar
Nath also. On his return in the end of 1899
he suffered from fever and colic pain to
such an extent that one night no hope
remained of his life, when he lay senseless
during the night. But nature had some-
thing different in store and so he was
right the next day. Thereafter he desired
that his thoughts and ideas should reach
the public as soon as possible. For this an
Urdu magazine called 'Alif' was started and
continued for some time from a new press
called Anand Press, managed by Swami
Narayana (then Narain Dass) and supported
chiefly by L. Har Lal. He took great delight
in writing original articles to this magazine,
so much so that he now wanted to leave
off his two hours service in the College also.
In the meanwhile having a desire to see the
sea he went to Karachi and Sukkur, where
he was honorably received by some kind
admirers, and passed a few days there in

great pleasure, although he did not take with him a single pie. After the issue of the 3rd Number of his magazine Alif, he was so saturated with spirituality and over-filled with it that he could no longer remain shut up in his household or the crowded towns.

So, in July 1900, he resigned his service and went to jungles along with
 (ii) Vanprastha Ashram. a few companions including his wife and children. All of them reached Hardwar and thence they went to Tehri by way of Devaprayag. There they took up their abode in a calm, quiet and lonely but very charming place in a garden by the side of the Ganges.

Here Rama ordered his companions to throw away all the cash if they
 (iii) True Faith and Incident. had any into the Ganges and keeping faith in God to sit all absorbed in Him, Who alone maintains and takes care of all. He said that if any of them suffered from any want, it would be only due to his own want of full faith in Him, and if so it would be far better for

such a one to die than to live a miserable life wanting in faith in the Creator, the Divinity, the Self within.

It so happened the same day that Baba Rama Nath, the manager of the Calcutta Kshetra of Rishikesh was touring about in connection with the arrangements of Kshetras of Gangottri-route. He heard about Rama and came to visit him in the garden.

On seeing him all absorbed in God-consciousness he, of his own accord, ordered the shop-keeper, who accompanied him, to supply rupees ten worth of corn every month to these men, engaged in spiritual exercises.

After this strange incident, all of them were struck with wonder, and a firm faith in God took hold of them for future, more than ever. All of them began to practise meditation etc., with full faith and thorough concentration, and Rama now began to contribute to 'Alif' with a greater zeal and fuller energy.

One night Rama, all of a sudden, left

all sleeping and went out all alone in the midnight towards Uttar Kashi. When walking or rather feeling his way out in the dark Himalayan gorge, at a time when all was silent, the clouds gathered in, the lightening flashed forth and the rain burst out in a storm over the lonely traveller, 'barefooted, bare-headed, no umbrella, no cloth save a single dhoti. But on and on he went until he saw the very path give way before him under the heavy deluge and torrents of water rushing over the steep rocks. And yet Rama was not to be daunted. He scaled and climbed the mountain-side, catching hold of the grasses and boulders, a feat which even a mountain goat could not possibly do under the conditions. In a moment he had crossed the gulf and was shouting on the top of a hill by himself Om ! Om !! Om !!! Nothing could harm, nothing could dare injure the one who had realized himself to be one with the Universal Self. Even Death itself had to await his orders.

On his sudden absence Rama's wife

felt the shock very keenly and fell down in illness from which she could not recover herself even when Rama had come back a few days after. And so she desired to go back to her home along with her young son Brahmanand. She was therefore ordered to go back in care of Swami Narayana, who took her to the plains and returned back.

After a period of 6 months of solitary
(iv) Sannyasa life in the jungles, in the beginn-
Ashrama. ing of 1901, just a few days before
the passing away of Swami Vivekananda, Rama desired to take Sannyasa. He had the permission of the Shankaracharya of Sharada Peetha, Dwarka, to take Sannyasa by the Ganges-side when he might find himself qualified to do so.

It was now in the midst of the Ganges that he made over charge of his sacred thread to the rushing current and put on his orange robes with a continuous chant of the sacred syllable OM ! OM !! OM !!! After this he remained wrapt in deep meditation and Anand for hours together at the banks of his dear Ganges.

Gosain Tirtha Rama was now Swami Rama Tirtha having come in the order of Tirtha Sannyasi of the Sharda Peetha—Dwarka, and hereafter he began to live all alone by himself in the same jungle allowing nobody to see him except on very rare occasions.

After a six months' residence here, as many people began to come for his visit, he changed his place on 14th June 1901 to a cave about 4 or 5 miles away, and after a few months more he left this place also on 16th August 1901 with Narayana and L. Tula Ram for Yamunottri, Gangottri, Triyugi Narayana, Kedar Nath and Badri Narayana. For a month they lived in Yamunottri near the hot springs in a cave and a wooden house, and also made an ascent over the Sumeru Mount, the white snowy peak at the source of the river Yamuna. After this they crossed over snowy hills by a narrow path, direct but dangerous, over which no pilgrim could venture, and reached Gangottri on the 3rd

17. Further
travels in
Himalayas and
plains.

day instead of 10 or 12 days usually taken by others by the ordinary path. Again after a month's stay at Gangottri they went to Kedar Nath and Badri Narayana by way of Triyugi Narayana and reached Badri Narayan a week before Diwali.

The return was made in December 1901 by way of Almorah to Muttra (Mathura), where Swami Rama was invited by Swami Shivagan Acharya who had elected him as Moderator-in-chief of a Conference of all religions. Here his lectures were attended by thousands who were so attracted by his personality and all pervading love that they followed him like Gopis following Krishna over shrubs and rough ground and sat down on bare ground to listen to him by the Yamuna side till late in the winter-night. Thence he was invited by Rai Bahadur Baij Nath to Agra, by Baboo Ganga Prasad Varma to Lucknow for public lectures and by L. Surjan Lal Pandey to Fyzabad in the second annual meeting of Sadharan Dharm Sabha in February 1902. After that he, in May 1902

retired into the thick jungles of Tehri State in the Himalayas once more for meditation in solitude.

Here the Maharaja Saheb of Tehri, while on his way to Dehradun, happened to touch the skirts of the forest where Rama was residing, and on hearing of Rama, Maharaja Saheb felt very anxious to see him. He had become agnostic through the influence of some Western philosophy like that of Herbert Spencer and did not believe in the existence of God. On meeting Rama, for the first time, all his doubts were dispelled one by one during a long continued talk and after that he requested Rama to grace Pratapnagar (his summer resort) for his sake which Rama accepted with pleasure.

In July 1902, it was published in the newspapers that a Religious Conference was going to be held in Japan in which all the religious Leaders were invited. Maharaja Saheb of Tehri requested Rama to go to that Conference and preach Vedanta. Rama accepted the

request and Maharaja Saheb made all the arrangements for Rama's voyage through Messrs. Thomas Cook & Co. Rama went to Calcutta alone but when people insisted much on his taking a companion, Swami Narayana his disciple was taken with him.

They left Calcutta for Japan on 28th August 1902. During the
(i) Japan. voyage they touched Penang, Hongkong, Shanghai, Naga Saki and finally Yokohama. They were cordially received by the Sindh merchants at these ports and had a week's halt at Hongkong for a change of ship, and Rama lectured there to the all attentive and interested audience. On reaching Japan they learnt that there was no Religious Conference there and that it was all wrong news. However, they proceeded to the capital Tokyo to ascertain the facts for certain and met there many Indian Students who had come to learn arts and sciences in Japan. Rama happened to meet with Mr. Puran there who had just started an Indo-Japanese Club for the promotion and help of Indian Students in Japan,

and who was appointed its Secretary. Rama also gave a lecture on Secret of Success in Tokyo College, which produced a deep and lasting effect on the hearts of the Students and Professors.

Professor Chhatre's Circus happened to be there at the time, who became an ardent admirer of Rama, and on his request Rama accompanied him to America. Here Mr. Puran being deeply affected by Rama's speeches took Sannyas to serve all humanity and roamed about in all the Japanese towns and also issued a magazine "Thundering Dawn", but on his return to India he again became a house-holder and subsequently a Sikh (his family religion), while Swami Narayana, who had accompanied Rama upto Japan, was advised by him to travel in a different direction preaching Vedanta, *viz.* Burma, Ceylon, Africa and Europe.

Rama, when he reached America, gave a number of lectures, sometime
 (ii) America. for three hours together, of which the shorthand notes were taken by the Americans and typewritten copies presented to

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Rama. Those copies were afterwards printed in India in the form of four volumes called. "In Woods of God-Realization".* In America, where everything is sold and has its value in dollars, Rama never allowed his lectures to be attended by tickets although it cost a good deal to hire halls for his lectures. This in itself is a testimony of how much the Americans loved Rama and appreciated his lectures. Rama accompanied Prof. Chhatre upto Seattle (Wash) but after that the Americans made him their own guest, and one of them Dr. Albert Hiller served him with all heart and mind for about a year and a half at San Francisco. Some of the Americans, moved by Rama, organized Societies for the help of the poor Indian Students in America; and also to gain daily Spiritual food from the society of Rama they organized a body called the Hermetic Brotherhood. The Americans became so much enamoured of Rama that they took his photo like that of Christ and published it in the Papers under the heading "Living

* Now they have been published in 8 volumes.

Christ has come to America,' The President of the United States also came to visit Rama, and although the Millionaires of America liked to put him up in their palatial buildings, Rama liked forests more and always used to take his abode on some mountain-side far away from the busy haunts of mankind and roamed about in a single thin cloth even in the icy cold of North America living simply on nuts, fruits, vegetables and milk.

He was full of unresistable joy and laughter, and nobody could remain sorry in his company. All doubts vanished like vapours before his sunny face. Once an American lady, a resolute atheist, came to discuss with him, but on seeing Rama all absorbed in Samadhi, she waited in and when Rama came to his normal consciousness she broke the silence with the words "My lord, I am not an atheist. My doubts have disappeared on seeing you."

Mrs. Wellman, another American lady, loved and admired Rama so deeply that she renounced all Western dress and

putting on the Sannyasi's orange robes she wandered from town to town without any money but with full trust in God, and coming to India visited, with great pleasure, the birth place of Ram, the village Murali-wala in the district Gujranwala of Punjab. Such was the universal love of Rama that it not only moved the hearts of Americans but, when he was in Egypt on his return, in Cairo he bewitched the hearts of Mohammedans by his lucid lecture in Persian and was called by them the Hindu Philosopher.

About two and a half years travel in foreign countries Rame returned
 19. Return to India. to India and landed in Bombay in the end of 1904. His first lecture on his return was organized in Bombay, whence he made a tour through Muttra, Agra, and Lucknow to Pushkar Raj in Ajmer, giving his worldwide experiences to the all expectant audience. Arya-Samajis, Sanatana Dharmis, Brahmo Samajis, Sikhs, even Christians and Mohammedans all alike joined his reception wherever he went.

And when asked to start a new society he simply answered that all societies were his own and that he would work through them.

He loved mother India so much so that he realized himself as India incarnate and professed that within 10 years India would get practical Vedanta and that love would conquer hate to unite man's hearts.

In the meanwhile, Swami Narayana
 20. Narayana's leaving Japan visited Hongkong,
 Travel's. Singapur, Penang, Burma and
 Ceylon. After that he went to Africa, visited
 Port Said, Cairo (Egypt), Alexandria, Gozo,
 Malta, Tunis, Algiers, Morocco and Gibralt-
 er etc, and lastly reached London in Sep-
 tember 1903, where after about a 5 months'
 stay he fell ill owing to the severe winter
 and was advised to leave London at once.
 He therefore in January 1904, on receiving
 orders from Rama returned to India and
 reached Bombay in July 1904, about six
 months before Rama's return, and met Rama
 at Pushkar in the beginning of 1905. In
 October 1905, when Rama went to Hardwar
 after a tour in Bengal and U. P. and fell

there ill, he came to him from his tour. Rama was dangerously ill for over a week and when recovered went himself to Muzaffarnagar for a change of climate and sent Narayana to Lucknow.

After regaining health, Rama desired to seek solitude and called Narayana back. Hence in November 1905, Rama and Narayana went by way of Hardwar and Rishikesh to Vyas Ashrama, a very fierce and lovely forest on the other side of the Ganges where Rishi Veda Vyas, the author of Mahabharat, is said to have performed his *tapas*. There they passed their winter of 1905 in lovely straw huts, a mile distant from each other, and there Rama studied Nirukta and Sama Veda again.

In the summer they moved on further to Devaprayag, Tehri, and went to Vasishtha Ashrama, a place about 12 or 13 thousand feet high above the sea level and 50 miles far from Tehri, where Rama began to live in the cave of Vasishtha Muni in March 1906, and sent Narayana in his place to the

plains to lecture in the various meetings wherever he was invited. But Rama's body soon fell ill and Narayana had to come back after two months. On his arrival they shifted their habitats by a few miles more experimentally, so that Rama now began to live in a cave at a greater height while Narayana moved down in the valley. The scenery round this cave is described by Rama in his letters as the "Garden of Fairies."

There was another cave above this, which was occupied by an enormous snake (Azdaha), while another cave across the valley and just opposite to Rama's was the den of a large tiger who used to look at Rama from his place and sometimes passed by Rama's cave also, which was a large and open one. This cave was quite unprotected either from wild beasts, of which there was no fear for Rama, whom beasts and men all obeyed in his universal love, or from rain which really proved a nuisance specially when the rains set in and wetted all the clothes and goods, and kept Rama awake during the nights,

He had therefore to quit this place also and came down to the plain in the valley where the hill-men at once constructed for him a Kuti (small hut). Here Mr. Puran with two companions came to see Rama in his Vasishtha Ashrama and lived for about a month. Rama was at the time taking for food only milk, as the local grains did not suit him, and on the arrival of these guests he was pressed by them to take some grain food also. He did so, moved by their love, but he as well as the new comers fell down sick with dysentery and fever. They then asked Rama to move down to plains which he accepted with the limitation not to go beyond Tehri. Hence Narayana went to make the necessary arrangements for departure and Mr. Puran accompanied him to return to the plains.

Rama also walked with them for a mile and in the way told Mr. Puran
 22. Forebodings. that Rama may soon have his pen at rest and his tongue silent, as he had become too weak physically and that he may perhaps no more visit the plains.

Hence he advised that they should now themselves become Rama and read, write and work all absorbed in Him. These remarks brought down a stream of tears in their eyes and it really proved the last meeting with Rama of Mr. Puran.

Now, in order that the place may not be shifted too often, Rama
 23. Last Solitude. searched for a solitude fit for every season at the banks of the Ganges somewhere near Tehri. He did find such a place where some Mahatmas had lived for long and which was in a solitude surrounded by the Ganges on three sides. Here Maharaja Saheb of Tehri had at once built for him a Kuti according to Rama's own plan.

Narayana was now told by Rama to go to live in Bamrogi cave some miles away, where they had once previously stayed for some time, and was advised by him to see Rama weekly on Sundays unless specially called. When sending off Narayana to the cave, Rama accompanied him for over a mile even bare footed and bare-headed, and

on reaching near Tehri town addressed him with the same remarks as to Mr. Puran that "it may probably soon happen that Rama's pen may cease to run and his tongue may stop to speak. That Rama no more felt inclined to touch any worldly work and may never leave the Ganges-side to go down to the plains again. That wherever he might be invited, Narayana will have to go, and hence he should dive himself deep in Real Rama while in the solitude (cave) and come out of it all heart, body and soul transformed into Rama or Vedanta incarnate.

Narayana had not lived there for five days when suddenly a messenger

24. The Sorrow-
ful message
and end.

came there and brought him the most heart-rending news of Rama having been carried away by the Ganges while bathing in it. Rama, while exercising against the rushing waters of the Ganges, as was his wont, this time rather, in deep water, was suddenly carried away into a whirlpool where he struggled long, and though finally came out with a strong dive, but being exhausted was

carried away further to midcurrent where at last he left his body uttering loudly Om ! Om !! Om !!!

Narayana and Mr. Puran afterwards found on Rama's table the following passage, written in Urdu language by Rama himself at the end of one Urdu article, entitled "Self-realization is the bond of all progress" تمسک عروج خود مستی finished on that very day, just before his going to take bath in the Ganges.

"اندر در برہما-وشنو-شیو-گنگا- etc., بہارت

او موت ! بیشک آزا دے اس ایک جسم کو۔ میرے اور اجسام ہی مجمع کم نہیں۔ صرف چاند کی کرنیں۔ چاندی کی قاریں پہنکر چین سے کت سکنا ہوں۔ پہاڑی ندی فالون کے بہیس میں گیت گاتا پھرونگل۔ بعد موج کے لباس میں لہراتا پھرونگل۔ میں ہی باد خوش خرام نسیم مستانہ کام ہوں۔۔۔ میری یہ صورت سیلابی ہر وقت روانی میں رہتی ہے۔ اس روپ میں پہاڑوں سے آذر۔۔۔ مرجھاتے پودوں کو تازہ کیا۔۔۔ گلوں کو ہفسایا۔۔۔ بلبل کو رلا۔۔۔ دروازوں کو کھڑکڑایا۔۔۔ سوتوں کو جگایا۔۔۔ کسی کا آنسو پونچھا۔۔۔ کسی کا گھونگھٹ آڑایا۔۔۔ اس کو چہیز۔۔۔ اسکو چہیز۔۔۔ تچہ کو چہیز۔۔۔ وہ کیا۔۔۔ وہ کچھ ساتھ رکھا۔۔۔ کسی کے ہاتھ آیا۔۔۔"

The substance of the above passage runs as follows :—

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Indra, Rudra, Brahma, Vishnu, Shiva, Ganga etc. Bharata !

“O Death ! Take away this body if you please ! I care not. I have enough of bodies to use. I can wear those divine silver threads, the beams of moon, and live. I can roam as divine minstrel, putting on the guise of hilly streams and mountain-brooks. I can dance in the waves of sea. I am the breeze that proudly walks and I am the wind inebriated. My all these shapes are wandering shapes of change. I came down from yonder hills, raised the dead, awakened the sleeping, unveiled the fair faces of some and wiped the tears of few weeping ones. The Bulbul and the rose both I saw and I comforted them. I touched this, I touched that, I doff my hat and off I am, Here I go and there I go, none can find me. I keep nothing with me.”

OM ! OM !! OM !!!

REPLIES TO CLASS QUESTIONS.

Golden Gate Hall, Sunday, January 25, 1903.

The Immortal in the changeable forms of ladies and gentlemen :—

Q.—Why do young children die?

(We have no time to deal with these questions in detail, but will simply allude to the answer.)

A.—Here is a book written by somebody. In this book there are many English passages, and besides that, there are sometimes Sanskrit verses or passages quoted, and you know, to write Sanskrit we require a different kind of pen from what we write English with. So when an author writes English, he uses one kind of pen, and he has to change his pen when he writes

Sanskrit, and so on. Similarly, so long as you are living in this one worldly body, you make use of this body of yours as you make use of a pen. You keep this body in your hands, you control or possess this body so long as it serves your purpose. When the body grows old, when it becomes diseased and can serve your purpose no longer, you throw it aside; you take on another body, just as when your clothes become old, you change those old clothes and get others. Now there is nothing so terrible about it, it is quite natural.

Why do children die? Here is one man who has different kinds of desires; there comes a time when those desires of a particular kind are changed and become desires of [another or different kind. For instance, a man lives in some city in America for a long time; he reads such literature, pursues such studies that his inner desires and propensities are altered. Suppose, in his heart of hearts, he becomes an Orientalist, a Hindu. He goes on with his American business for some time until

there comes a time when all his inner emotions and desires become entirely estranged from his outer desires. He no longer belongs to America; he belongs to India and must be born in India. At the same time he has a strong desire to live in the company of a rich man for whom he had a fancy. This desire which he had in him of being connected with, say, the Mayor of San Francisco or some other great man, was not so intense as the desire to be born in India. Now this first desire must be fulfilled, and also the second. How is it to be decided? The circumstances are such as will not allow him to be connected with the man for whom he has this great love, and so he dies and is born again as the son of Mayor so and so, or as the son of some great man who attracted him; he is connected with this man who attracted him until this term of residence or connection with this beloved man has expired and he must now be born in India, in order that the other stored-up desires may be realized. That is why children die.

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The desire to be connected with this one as the father or mother, is like the one Sanskrit line in a big book written in English characters. So children, who die young, are like lines of reference written in books which are not entirely written in a foreign language.

Q.—Please give the line of demarcation between virtue and vice.

A.—Here is a ladder. If you go up the ladder, that is virtue, and if you go down the ladder, that is vice.

In Mathematics, we come across different co-ordinate axioms. There is no position of an axiom designated as positive or negative by itself. Positive and negative are relative terms.

Similarly according to Vedanta, virtue and vice are relative terms. There is no point where you can say, here vice stops and virtue begins.

Here is a line whose vertex is X in Mathematics. The motion of a point is called positive if in one direction, and negative if in another or opposite direction ;

but the same position of the point may be called positive from the stand-point of the negative or negative from the stand-point of the positive or other side. Similarly, if you are making your way onward and upward, if you are approaching nearer the truth by a particular kind of action, then that becomes a virtue. If by some particular kind of action, you are led astray from the truth, then that action is poison to you. If by marriage relation, you are approaching nearer the Universal Love, the Universal Light which permeates the world, then marriage ties are pious to you ; if by marriage relation, you are not approaching near the Universal Love and Light, Oh, then they are poison to you, they are sinful, then marriage ties are a curse to you.

According to Vedanta, everybody has to pass through these animal desires. This is the doctrine of Karma. All people are evolving, progressing on lines of Evolution, going onward and onward.

There are some people who have recently come from the animal body, and

stepped into a human body, and they must necessarily have animal desires predominant. They have recently left the bodies of wolves, tigers, dogs, hogs, &c., and must have more of those desires in them. By the Law of Inertia, everybody remains in uniform motion in a straight line so long.

If the Law of Inertia be taken away from this world, the world will be in a state of chaos; if the Law of Inertia be not taken away, those people who have come up from animals, must have that animal nature. We should not blame these people any more than we should hate the flowing rivers. We have no right to look down upon them as sinners. We have no right to hate those people whom we call vicious or jealous. We have the right to love these so-called sinners. Jesus says, "Love the sinner." This is what Vedanta shows that there is no earthly reason for them to be slighted. It is natural for them to be sinners.

What is there for these people to aim at by themselves? They must progress.

The Law of Inertia is not the only law which governs this world. If they are alive, they must overcome that Inertia.

All force is marked by the change it brings about in the original Inertia. If the original line of motion is not changed, there is no force, no life. Now if these people wished to be called living, they must manifest that living force, must extricate themselves, must change the force in them, and by this changing force or spiritual force, they are to change their natural tendency through and through. Here comes the word '*natural*'. It ought to be explained in as much as this word '*natural*' is the cause of misleading thousands, nay, millions of people. Under the word '*natural*,' all sorts of vices and miseries are entertained and encouraged.

Some people think '*natural*' means all the animal passions and desires which come up in the mind ; they say, "Let us loose the horses of our passion ; let us give up the reins which keep our true character under control ; let us be free," be free," but by this

freedom is meant nothing else but worldly, animal life.

Here is a toy-car, running at full speed. Withdraw the pulling-force, and the car runs on by itself for a distance. Why? Because it is natural for the car to run that way, because the force or its velocity wanted it to go on and on. It is natural; in other words, natural means Inertia, and Inertia wanted the car to run that way. When a stone is projected into the air, it is natural for it to move on and on because of Inertia. There is a child's top turning round and round through its speed or velocity, it is natural for it to turn round and round.

Similarly, you have been running in a particular direction while in the bodies of animals. While in the bodies of animals, people ran in the direction of gratifying the animal passions, it was natural. Then it was naturally imparted to you and at the same time these acts were quite becoming you, because by those acts and desires you were elevated, those acts and desires were virtues to you, [through them you rose

above, you gained the required knowledge.

Never call a dog sinful because he does doggish things, nor a hog sinful because he does hoggish things.

When you came into man's body, it was natural for you to go on having animal willing and wishing and desires in the way to which you were habituated while in the bodies of animals. Here is a human body. These acts are brought about naturally, and are due to Inertia in you; they are due to past natural actions while in the animal bodies. Thus the word '*natural*' means nothing else but Inertia. But Inertia is not a thing which shows or reveals to you your true nature. It reveals the dead elements in you; it does not reveal the Divinity.

Man is a real man when he conquers and vanquishes this Inertia, when he rises above it. These animal desires and passions are quite natural for animals and also for some kind of men who have recently stepped into man's body. They may be free to pursue these desire, but after a certain

period, they must leave them, must rise above them, and get beyond them.

Just hear a story which will not be out of place. In East India there was a saint Tulsi Das by name,...who was very fond of his wife; he loved his wife as no other man ever loved before. At one time it happened that his wife had to go to her father's house which was located in another village, some seven or eight miles distant from the village in which the saint lived. The saint could not bear the separation and so he left his house and went in search of her. It was about eleven o'clock at night when he learnt of her departure, and in his desperation he ran from his own house like a mad man. A river separated the two villages and at that time of night, it was very difficult to cross owing to the very rapid current of the river, and besides there was nobody available at that hour. On the bank of the river he found a rotten corpse, and through his mad love, through his desperation to reach his wife he clasped

the corpse tightly and swam across the river, safely reaching the other side. He ran on and on, and when he reached the house where his wife was, he found all the doors closed, he could not gain entrance, nor could he arouse any of the servants or inmates, for they were all sleeping in some of the innermost rooms. Now what was he to do? You know they say if a river is in the way, love crosses it; if mountains are in the way, love climbs them. So on the wings of love he had to reach his wife. While puzzling his brain, he found something dangling from the house and he thought it was a rope; he thought his wife loved him so dearly that she had hung this rope from the house for him to climb up. He was overjoyed. Now, this rope was not a rope but a long snake. He caught hold of the snake and it did not bite him, and by that means he climbed to the upper story of the house and gained entrance to the room in which his wife was lying. She got up and was astonished, and exclaimed, "How did you get

here, it is very strange?" He shed tears of joy and said, "It was you yourself, O blessed one, who made my passage here so easy. Did you not place a kind of canoe by the river for me to cross over, and did you not hang that rope on the wall for me to climb up?" He was crazy, love had made him mad. The wife began to shed tears of pity and joy. She was a learned woman, a goddess of Divine wisdom, and she then said "O Divine One! sweet one! Had you really entertained the same intense love for the Reality, the Divinity, which keeps up and supports and is embodied in this apparent self, this body of mine, you would have been God; you would have been the greatest prophet in the world; you would have been the greatest sage on the earth; you would have been the worshipped Lord of the whole universe."

When the wife was including the idea of Divinity in him, and was teaching him that she was one with the Divinity, she said, "O dear husband, do you love this body of mine; this body is only transitory,

it left your house and came to this house. In the same way, this body may leave this earth to-day or to-morrow : this body may become sick to-day and all its beauty be gone in a second. Now see, what is it that gives bloom to my cheeks, what is it that lends lustre to my eyes, what is it that lends glory to my person, what is it that shines through my eyes, what is it that gives this golden colour to my hair, what is it that lends life and light and activity to my senses and my body ? See, that which has fascinated you is not this skin, not this body of mine. Mark please, see please, what is it ? It is the true Self, the Atma which charms and fascinates and bewitches you. It is the Divinity in me and nothing else ; it is God, nothing else ; it is that Divinity, that God within me, nothing else. Feel that Divinity, see that Divinity everywhere. Is not that same Divinity, God, present in the stars, does it not look you in the face, in the moon ? ”

This saint rose above sensuality, above carnal desires, and worldly attachments.

This saint, as he was originally extraordinarily in love with one wife, realized that Beloved One, that Divinity everywhere in the world ; so much so that this saint, a lover of God, this holy man drunk in Divinity, this pious man while one day walking through the woods approached a man who held a hatchet in his hand, and was about to cut down a beautiful cypress tree. When the blows of the hatchet fell upon the roots of the beautiful cypress tree the saint was about to faint away. He ran up to the man and cried, "These blows of yours hurt me, they are piercing my bosom ; please refrain from doing this." "How is that, saint,"? asked the man. The saint said, "O sir, this cypress, this beautiful tree is my beloved one ; in it I see my true Divinity, in it I see God."

Now, God became his bride, his husband, his child, his mother, his sister, and everything to him. All his energy, all his love was thrown at the feet of the Divinity, was given to the Divinity, the Truth, and thus the saint said to the man,

"I see my beloved one there, I cannot bear blows on my beloved Divinity."

One day a man was about to kill a stag or deer, and the holy saint was observing this. He came up and threw his body at the feet of the man who was about to kill the stag. "How is this, saint?" asked the man. He exclaimed, "O, please spare the deer, behold my beloved one looking out through those beautiful eyes. Oh! kill this body of mine, sacrifice this body in the name of Divinity, in the name of God, sacrifice my body, I perish not, but spare, O, spare the beloved one."

All the attractiveness you see in this world is nothing else but the true Divinity, the same which appears to you in the body of a beloved one, puts on a different dress in trees, in mountains and hills. Realize this, for this is how you can rise above all worldly passions and desires. This is the way to make spiritual use of worldly desires and to make use of them for their own sake. You are making spiritual wrecks of yourselves, you are becoming sinners. But

if you are raising these worldly desires by using them properly, then these same acts become virtuous.

Q—The theory of Evolution being that we rise from the Imperfect to the Perfect, does it prove transmigration?

A—As to that, it may be said that this sort of transmigration is from the beginning, extended and not retrograded, even if a man becomes a dog to-morrow. Yesterday's example of a man making himself a hog is a hypothetical case; only one side was taken up, but when treating of a great question, we should take up all parts.

In teaching Dynamics to students, we take the law of Action and Reaction *per se* by itself, as if other laws were for the time silent; afterwards when we have to teach dynamics further, we have to take up all those laws. So, last night, only one phase was taken up for lack of time. This question wants the other sides to be dwelt on.

A man may try to-day to fall back, nay, may do his best to live the life of a

lower animal. He may try to push out of his mind all higher or finer feelings, and if he really succeeds in making a monkey of himself, if he succeeds in making his desires nothing but animal desires, and if he makes an animal of himself, then of course he will be born a monkey in the next incarnation. But man cannot do that. There are other forces which prevent him, other forces which keep him back. Now what are those forces? What are called sorrow, trouble and suffering, are the guaranteed agencies against any falling back. These forces will not allow you to fall down; thus progress is secured. Life of Evolution is progress and progress must be made, and thus constant struggle and continuous warfare are necessary.

Similarly Vedanta says, the struggle going on in your bodies, when all these tribulations, anguish, pain, suffering, sorrow, anxiety, trouble, chafing and worrying infest your hearts and make fearful warfare in your mind, makes you progress. Through these forces you must go onward,

we are assured, and it was shown yesterday that warfare is brought on by a conflict of desires fighting against each other.

Certain circumstances may be pleasure for one man and trouble for another. For instance, if a man drawing \$1,000 per month be reduced to a monthly salary or income of \$500, then that \$500 is a source of anguish and trouble. If, on the other hand, a man drawing \$100 per month gets a position which carries with it \$500 monthly, then that position becomes to him a heaven ; it is a source of happiness, joy and peace. Similarly, no position by itself can be said to be a good state or a bad plight. All positions by themselves are indefinite, as all acts by themselves are neither sinful nor virtuous. All depend upon your relation to outside environments and circumstances. If this state is one of advance, you are happy ; if it is not a state of advance, then sorrow and pain are yours. So these desires, being of different kinds, bring about your progress, and are not due to or brought over

from past incarnations; they are the desires which want you to overcome this Inertia. If Inertia be enforced and spiritual force be weakened, then you suffer. This suffering, this pain is a kind of spritual reminder, this pain or suffering does, as it were, set you right, it reminds you of your higher nature, and thus cures your spiritual disease. Pain and suffering are blessings of this world; if there were no pain or suffering, there would be no progress. Thus Vedanta says that through this law of suffering, there is no fear of your falling. Think not that you will ever be dragged down, that you will ever fall back.

If you see somebody far ahead of yourself, be not jealous, for you will be there yourself someday; and if you see somebody far below yourself, do not look down upon him, for he will some day be where you are now. Some people are to-day where you were ten births back and some people are to-day where you will be ten births hence. Thus you must have universal love for all, no looking down upon

anything or anybody. Them, who are so high above, envy not, for you will be there in due time. Thus Vedanta sets matters right through fair understanding.

Q.—If through the law of pain we are compelled to advance, is there any truth in the Law of Heredity? Children suffer from diseases peculiar to their parents; how are we to harmonize this?

A.—You know, it was said yesterday that we are the makers of our own parents. Here is a man who has a particular kind of disease. We will suppose the disease is bad as people call it, although in reality the word bad is indefinite—for everything is God—but here is a man whose disease has been along the line of sensuality, along the line of animal passion, cravings and hungerings. Now this man will select after death, such particular soil, such environments, such circumstances, by which these desires will find fulfilment, these desires will have appeared, will have occurred before their fruits.

By the Law of Spritual Affinity, he is

drawn to such persons, he is born to them, he is now to enter such brain, such physique, such body, as will enable the particular desires in him to be fructified, and thus he comes to such people. Now the Law of Heredity remains true, in as much as it gives him a particular kind of physical instinct, by which he is to execute his own will. Thus, for instance, he says, 'I propose, or I have the idea of publishing a book. "Now, if the man wants to publish a book, he must go to a printing firm, they furnish the machinery and the material, etc., they do the work for him. The Law of Heredity is like the printing firm, they give one's desires ready material. Suppose, a man desires to commit murder, another man gives him a dagger. Now this manufacturer of the dagger gives the intended murderer the dagger, and he stabs the enemy. Now the fault does not lie with the manufacturer of the dagger or with the man from whom this murderer procured the dagger or means by which his desires were fulfilled.

The sin rests on the shoulders of the man who did the stabbing.

The parents have given us this brain, this body, because we demanded it, we asked for it, we got the body we demanded even if it was diseased. Now the question arises. If the man had to get a body in order to fulfil his desires, he ought not to get a body which is diseased. Well, now you know these desires must be fulfilled and at the same time we must give them up ; this is the law. Man is master of his own destiny. It is a matter of choice with you whether you give up your lower desires and take up the higher or not. This pain and suffering are not to take away your freedom, but to increase it. On account of pain and suffering, consciously or unconsciously, we become more wary, more cautious, and thus, of our own free will, we give up the lower desires and take up the higher. Thus pain and suffering do not master us but give us freedom.

Here is a man with lower desires in predominance. These sensual carnal

desires had to be fulfilled, at the same time they must be given up ; that is the law. Because this king, this authority in you asked for the gratification and glorification of these desires, they must be satisfied, and at the same time, as these desires are being gratified, there come pain, sorrow and suffering ; this pain and suffering will free you of that weakness. So, not liking the surroundings, which give him a disease or which make him inherit a disease, and while he is hating his surroundings, there is also a hatred for bad character of surroundings, and thus a man by continual buffets from this side and from that side is gradually raised and elevated.

Q.—The explanation with regard to lower desires and diseases, generally considered hereditary, I understand ; but for instance, the disease, called Consumption, I don't see wherein desire comes in, unless that disease is a result of our appetite.

A.—Usually the words higher and lower, virtue and sin do not explain the whole matter. What are looked upon as

good or bad by people in general, are not so according to Vedanta.

According to Vedanta, over-eating and eating that kind of food which causes indigestion in you, which makes you subject to the blues, is the root of all sins. Most sins owe their origin to a little flaw here, through indigestion you lose your temper and become liable to all sorts of sins. According to Vedanta, anything that retards or checks your supreme happiness or Divine cheerfulness is sin. Thus most of your sins owe their origin specially to your food. Other religionists do not emphasise this point as forcibly as Rama does, but this is a fact. Rama can tell you this not only from his own experience but from the experience of dear friends, that if our stomach is at ease, or if we are in good health, we can control our temper, master our passions, control and master our desires.

Here is an ideally virtuous man to-day who has overcome thousands of temptations, has mastered his passions. Take this

man of such sterling character of to-day and if people judge him from today's conduct, they might well say, "Oh! he is a Christ." But look at him to-morrow, this same man is liable to be subject to the worst kinds of passion.

People want to run and jump at conclusions. They want to write "Saint" on the forehead of one man, and "Criminal" on the forehead of another; while in fact the one who was a saint yesterday is liable to be a criminal to-morrow and *vice versa*.

In Charles Dickens' novel, *A Tale of Two Cities*, the character of Sidney Carlton is depicted as one of the worst characters, but his death is so heroic, so noble, that it blots out all his criminal and sinful nature. The Russian Count Tolstoi has written a novel portraying the character of a lady. All along she is described as a most criminally passionate sort of woman, but her end is so touching that we change our opinion.

Lord Byron was hooted in England, and was not even allowed to pass through

the streets. The people loathed his presence, but the last scenes of his life were so noble and heroic that the English people began to love him. But it is not always that we end life nobly.

When Lord Bacon made his first speech in the House of Lords, people were wonder-struck and the Press wrote, "He awoke one morning and found himself famous." The same Lord Bacon lived to become obnoxious in the eyes of the people.

Sir Walter Scott, in the first part of his life, was not considered as fine a poet as Lord Byron. He did not make his mark as Poet Laureate, but towards the close of his life, his work was so splendid that he was called the Prince of novelists.

So Rama tells you, "Believe always in the spiritual powers, in the infinite capability of those with whom you come in contact. Give up judging, never form any particular opinion, never condemn."

Here comes one before you who is a criminal, a felon. Do not go to him with any prejudice, hatred, or enmity in your

heart. Approach him with thought of the one potential, infinite power of spirit. Forget not that the same felon of to-day may turn out to be a great hero or a great saint to-morrow. Character is not sterling. Believe only in the Infinite possibilities and capacities of the soul.

Whoever comes to you, receive him as God, and at the same time do not look down upon yourself. If you are in jail to-day, you may be glorified to-morrow

In the Old Testament, the Samson spoken of there, that same Samson, who brought about the disgrace of his nation could undo his past, could every moment undo the past disgrace, could wipe out all disgrace of the past. Vedanta asks you to believe in Real Spirituality, the Real Divinity, the God in you. Believe in That, and never accept outside verdicts. They are nothing any more. We can undo them; we can rise above them.

Wherever this spirituality is, all things are, and this spirituality can come anywhere.

Religions misunderstand the morality of the world. The root of all evil they do not strike at. The man who has resisted all temptation to-day, may to-morrow become a murderer, an outcast. This is explained from the stand-point of Karma and also from the stand-point of body.

On the material plane, the explanation of this difference in our character is that when your body is in good health, when your stomach is healthy, then your character is all right, and you can withstand temptation. To-morrow you may have some disease, some malady; your stomach is not alright and then anything can ruffle, bewilder or disturb you. This is a fact.

It is strange that religionists think it beneath their dignity to take up the subject.

Be careful about the food you eat and you will cure your malady.

Overloading the stomach, the use of improper food, is the root of all sin. One who has propensities of this kind is as great a sinner as one who commits any or

all of the other seven sins, in the eyes of Vedanta. The love of the stomach brings us to just such bodies, such parents, as have been spoken of, and through suffering we are brought to Divine Truth.

Q.—How is it explained that in a family, say of six children, there is born a saint, a sinner, a healthy or sickly child, etc.? How is it that they are all different?

A.—This is how individual births differ. There is one thing in common always. One person is working in a printing firm, another is working in a polishing firm, another in an oil factory, another in a cloth mill, and so on. All these people are following different lines, but they have one thing in common. They all buy cloth from the same shop. So if we have differences in one respect, it does not follow that we should have no points in common.

In all these children, one desire is common, the attachment to their parents. That they have all in common. They were all attached to that house, that property or to those surroundings, but their other

desires were different. So it is that one comes into this world by one road, another comes by another road, but all meet at the crossing ; all come by their respective roads, but meet at the same crossing.

Q.—Sometimes people are buried alive. Is it their Karma to have such conditions thrown upon them, or should persons be not buried until all facts as to actual departure of life from the body have been assured beyond all possibility of doubt? What does Vedanta say?

A.—Law of Karma preaches a life of activity, a life of action, and of power. It does not preach predestination, nor idleness, nor laziness. The word Karma means action, energy, life.

Rama has shown that man is the master of his own destiny ; that he is under no kind of thralldom or slavery, but that he is the master of his own position. Then why not interfere in such a case. One should do his part in such a case, or in any case,, whether the world accepts it or not. Let people be mindful of their duty. If the

person knows such to be true, as above stated, then that person ought to interfere.

Q.—Do we perfect ourselves in the Spirit world when we lay off this body?

A.—According to Vedanta we perfect ourselves in future births. It is the future births, the future lives in which we perfect ourselves. The Spirit worlds will be to us just as dreams are to us every twenty-four hours.

Q.—Can we assist those who have departed spiritually?

A.—Yes, you can. You can assist them by keeping their pictures, or keeping their images before you mentally and then thinking, realizing and feeling that they are Divinity. Just think good thoughts for them, have the best feelings for them, and you can help them and you will help yourself also.

Q.—Do they ever assist us in material affairs?

A.—If in the material world other people can assist you, we might say that the departed also assist you, but according

to Vedanta, even in the material world it is you yourselves who help yourselves, what to say of the departed. It is you yourselves that assist yourselves in the shape of the departed, or in the bodies of the living. Thus Vedanta requires you to seek nothing from outside, to keep your centre within you, and to go about expecting and seeking everything from within. If you deserve, you need not desire; the objects of desire will be brought to you, will come to you. If you make yourselves worthy, help must come to you. Now we come to the question put the other day.

If a man lives in surroundings which, all the time, are making him love East India, which all the time are inspiring him with Indian thoughts, he reads such books, and comes in contact with such persons, as keep East India before him continually. This man, being an American or Englishman, when he dies, will be born in India as the result of his thoughts. Thus he is born in India by his own desires.

Q.—Do men go back to cats and dogs?

A.—Now as to cats, dogs and other animals, it depends upon the surroundings in which they are brought. Their future births will depend upon their present surroundings.

There came two men to a sage in India, one of them with the temper of a dog, and the other with the temper of a cat, or you might say, a cat and a dog came to the sage. The dog put this question to the sage, "Sir, sir, here is this cat or this cat-like man. He is very wicked and sly, he is very bad. What will become of him in his next birth?" Afterwards that cat-like man came to the sage and put the same question, "Sir, sir, here is this dog or doggish fellow; he is very bad; he is snarling, barking. What will become of him after death in the next birth?" The sage kept quiet, but after the questions had been repeated very often, he said, "Brothers, it would have been better if you had not put these questions." But they insisted upon a reply. The sage said, "Well, here is this

cat ; the cat keeps company with you, O dog, and he or she is imbibing your habits, is living with you, and is all the time partaking of your character. Well, in his or her next birth, this cat will become a dog. What else can it become ?” And as to the dog, well, it is keeping company with you, O cat, and is all the time imbibing your characteristics and sharing your habits. Well, in his next birth, he must become a dog.” Now it depends upon who keeps the company of a dog or cat. We need not enter into detail upon this question.

Q.—How long does it take a man to be reborn after death ?

A.—One man is doing all sorts of things to-day ; he goes to sleep and then he wakes up again next morning. The time of his going to sleep is like death, and the time of his waking up again is like re-birth. Now the time that elapses between the moment that he goes to sleep and the moment he wakes up, is the time which is passed in your heavens, hells, spiritual

kingdoms, etc. Now we see that in this world there are some people who sleep only four or five hours; there are some who sleep ten hours, while there are others who sleep eight hours. Children sleep long. Old men do not sleep much. Young men require long sleep. So, much depends on different men, upon the stage of their spiritual advancement. As there is no fixed time for your life in this world, some die young, some live thirty years, some live three score and ten, so there is no fixed period for re-birth.

Q.—Can a man realize Vedanta in this age? Can a man living in the twentieth century civilization realize Vedanta? And it was suggested that a man must live this or that in order to realize Vedanta. He must retire into the forests of the Himalayas.

A.—Rama says, 'No, no, you need not retire into the forests.' People say, we haven't got time. Our time is spent in every day vocations, we have to attend to all sorts of business, our relatives and friends

take up our time. There is a prayer, "O God, save me from my enemies," but the prayer which the present day man should offer more properly would be, "O God, save me from my friends." Friends rob us of all our time, then follow anxieties.

One word in conclusion. Reading or studying, you know, is of different kinds. Some people study only through the tongue, like parrots; some study through the hands, as shipwrights or artists. Rama does not mean to say that all artists are not Scientists; but we have seen artists who are not Scientists. There are people who can swim across the bay, but who know nothing of Hydrostatics. There are people who can navigate the air but know nothing of Aeronautics, the Science of the Air. The manufacturers of medicinal articles often know nothing of Chemistry. Now those people who study with their hands are welcome. There are some people who study only with the heart. They are the blessed people of the world. Those who can feel, those who can realize a thing at

one glance, those who are clairvoyant, they see every thing, they are welcome too. But if they study through their hearts alone, their training is of no benefit. They must have the intense desire, and at the same time be well cultured in order that their knowledge, their true education may be imparted to others. They are one sided if they only follow the heart. The people who are of the greatest use in this world are those who act through three edges; who have the head, the heart, the hand and tongue well trained. These are the highly educated, the really cultivated.

Similarly, Rama wishes you to study and learn this Vedanta, through all these avenues, heart, head, hand and tongue, soul, everything. Let it tingle through your blood, let it course through your veins and arteries, let it permeate and penetrate your heart, let your brain be steeped with it, let all your being be soaked in it, then you will raise yourself, you will be free from every point of view. Then you will realize your supreme Godhead, your true

nature; then you will be perfectly free from every stand-point.

Rama tells you that if you find another difference in this or that body, that if you think a man has not got truly in his heart or hand that which he preaches, that should be nothing to you. Take up the subject for yourself, live the truth in your head, heart, and soul. Live it, you will be the higher, better, grander for it. Rama wishes you to be that and become that.

If Rama have a thousand faults, if he make a thousand errors or mistakes, what is that to you? Rama is responsible for those errors. Rama gives you the Sublime Truth. Make it your life, and it will bring you happiness; it will place you beyond all doubt.

Suppose Rama does not put into practice what he preaches, it may be that Rama is living in circumstances and environments which prevent him from so doing; but you can live it, you can experiment with it.

Similarly, these Calvins, these Edisons

and all the other greater men simply design work with their brains. These models, these designs cannot be made by hand, they require a certain kind of machinery, so they give you the plans. You have the hands, and can manipulate the machinery, you can make the machinery; you may not have the ability or power of bringing forth these designs, but you have the hands to take up the same, and put them into practice.

This is the cause of the trouble of the working classes. They do not take up and put into practice the plans given them.

Similarly, the reasoning of those people is false who say, "We won't accept anything from this teacher because he does not practise what he preaches."

Again, a man sells tonics, milk or sweetmeats. Because he does not take those tonics, because he does not drink milk, because he does not eat sweetmeats, should you not buy of him?

If a Doctor is sick, Vedanta says you are wrong when you do not take medicine

from him, even though he may not be able to prescribe medicine for his own malady. The physician is sick because of some malady. He knows the remedy for the malady from which *you* are suffering, but does not know the remedy for the malady from which *he* is suffering. It may be that he cannot cure himself, but at the same time he can cure you.

Thus Rama says that while conversing with many people both in India and America, he has found that people don't read books until they first know the author. Many say, "O here is an author, he has done this and that scandalous thing and he calls himself God. I don't want to read his book." Rama says, "Brother, brother, be not mistaken, the man may be bad, but judge the truth he gives you, take the truth on its own merits."

In India, water is pumped out of wells by means of Persian wheels, and the water comes out of them and falls into a peculiarly constructed reservoir, and out of this reservoir the water is conducted by means

of small canals into fields. When the water is in the well, alongside it there is no pasture, no verdure, no trees. When the water is in the reservoir, there is still no vegetation. But when the water reaches the field, the soil becomes fertile and rich, and vegetation appears. Thus we should not argue that water cannot make the fields produce vegetation, because there was no vegetation when the water was in the well or the reservoir.

Similarly, Rama tells you that when knowlegde comes to you, receive it from any source whatever. Don't say, "If knowledge comes from India, then why are Indians themselves so low in the scale of nature." Judge truth on its own merits. Weigh truth on its own merits. That is the only means of making man happy, the only way to true Bliss, God. It raises you above all anxiety; it uplifts you above all misery. This is the only way, there is no other.

Similarly, Rama tells you that if Christ's character was so noble, do not

conclude that Christ's teachings are the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Sometimes we see most beautiful youngmen and in them is found something very bad. One man's acts may be noble, his teachings and writings also, but at the same time, all that comes out of him is not good ; his blood or his bones are not good.

Similarly, in reading the Bible, do not apply all that is in it to Christ's teachings. Christ is perfect, his teachings are perfect ; but do not attribute to one what belongs to the other, take the book on its own merits. Sir Issac Newton's work, *Principia*, contains numerous mistakes. Now he may have been the best man in his own day, yet judge his books on their own merits.

Similarly, Rama says you have nothing to do with the virtues or vices of Rama. Take the spiritual teaching on its own merits. The teachings of Vedanta raise and elevate you. Rama does not want you to accept the teaching as coming from him, it is for you, it is yours.

Vedanta means no slavery. Buddhism

is slavery to Buddha, Mohammedanism is slavery to Mohammed, Zoroastrianism is slavery to Zoroaster, but Vedanta means slavery to no saint. It is Truth, Truth which belongs to every body.

If we sit out in the sun, we do not feel grateful, for the sun is every body's. If Rama sits in the sunshine of Vedanta, you can also sit in that sunshine ; it belongs to you just the same as it does to Rama. Truth belongs to you just the same as it belongs to India. Take it, accept it on its own merits ; if it is good, keep it ; and if it is bad, then kick it out. We bring Vedanta not as Mohammadanism and Christianity have been brought to India, with sword and money. Rama does not bring it that way. Vedanta is yours, take it and practise it.

If a friend sits out in the sunshine and does not enjoy it, that is no reason why you should not enjoy it. Just so with Vedanta. Take it on its own merits ; learn it ; live it in your character ; stand above all personality ; stand above all Christs, Buddhas,

Mohammeds, or Ramas. Rama says, "Trample this body under your feet. This body I am not, realize that ; know that. Know that "I am Reality, know ME and be free" Realize that, chant OM, "I am"—Om, Jehovah, the Christ of Christs, Know ME and I am YOU. Realise this, and you stand above all anxiety. Give up all this stumbling and hurry, and then rise above all Christs, all Mohammeds, all friends, all that look upon them as fixed guides.

They are variable ; all are fickle ; know the Supreme Reality, the cause and root of all these shadows. Know that and be free.

OM ! OM !!

INFORMAL TALKS

Q.—Shall we ever have one religion to rule men alike ?

A.—Yes and no, both. We cannot have in future religions *ruling* mankind. In future, religion will not rule mankind, nor will mankind belong to religion, but religion will belong to man.

Q.—Will any one religion rule all men alike ?

A.—No, no religion will rule men in the future.

Religions, institutions, laws, all these belong to man.

Laws are for me. I was not made for laws and institutions.

There will be in the future a religion which will *serve*, not *rule*, mankind.

As to that term, 'one religion,' Rama

says, yes, there will be only 'one religion' to serve mankind. And what religion will that be? Before telling what that religion will be, Rama says that that religion will have no name.

And what will that be? Rama says it will be Vedanta, the religion of Science. Vedanta is the Universal Religion.

Again, if by the term Religion you mean dogma, something which is registered, something which is fixed and cannot be moved, if religion is taken in that sense, then wake up. Religion in this sense will not exist in the distant future. Lo, to-day there are people who are studying Science, and opening their eyes to what is going on in the higher spheres of knowledge. Free people of this kind are above all creeds and dogmas. True religion is to free us, not to bind us. The object of religion is to make us govern and rule, not to make slaves of us.

Names in religion are working great evil in this world. Take the names Buddhist and Christian ; between their

views there is a world of difference.

Buddhism split India into four sects. In China, Buddhists are divided into seven sects.

A man says he is a Hindu and he will fight with the Christian or Mohammedan, and why? Simply because he wants to uphold the name Hindu. If you analyze their thoughts, you will find there are thousands of Hindus who in teaching are more Christian than the so-called Christians themselves, and on the other hand, form undue attachment to those who robe themselves with the same name as they have.

Another word about religion in the future. There will be a religion in the future which will be for every body, when Science or the Literature of Vedanta permeates and pervades every home and village. The time is not far distant when Vedanta, the religion of Science, the religion of the Universe, will permeate the whole world. But man must rise above the name Vedanta. He must rise above the

name Buddhist, in fact he must rise above any and all names.

You hold certain views and there comes along another who thinks the only road to heaven is through his Church. Now it is a question between him and his God. What right have you to interfere? You have no right.

The recognition of the fact that everybody's religion is a question between him and his God, and their recognition of this truth is one of the essential teachings of Vedanta.

Q—What becomes of the souls of men who take their own life?

A.—Rama says, every body takes his own life. Everybody who dies commits suicide. What becomes of those who die? Nothing, nothing particular. Similarly, nothing particular becomes of those who are known as suicides. You cannot die until your work in this life is done. How is it that death is brought about?

People through their desires and through their ignorance get themselves

entangled in such a way that they wish this body could come to an end. In their heart of hearts, they desire death, and death comes to them. That is the law. By their desires they bring about diseases, and by their own previous desires which begin to bear fruit when on the sick-bed they are reduced to such a condition that they earnestly desire death, and death comes. All are suicides.

Q.—Is it possible to remember past incarnations ?

A.—A man remembering or trying to remember past incarnations is like one who has travelled a number of streets and has five more streets to go through. He begins to inquire the name of the street he started from, the names of all the streets he has crossed, where he was 15 minutes ago where he was an hour ago. Is not all that useless labour ? Man should look forward. What is the use of looking backward ? Go ahead. You have passed through so many incarnations, so many streets ; now you have to travel onward. If you go ahead,

all right. If you stop, then you are spoiling, you are retarding your progress. Go ahead.

Q.—Is it possible while in the physical body consciously to manifest on the mental plane? Theosophical teachers have told me 'no'.

A.—This question contains many points, but there is no time at present to go into details.

Well, Theosophists are right in saying no. The mental and physical planes go hand in hand. Mental investigations should be carried on through the mind, but on the other hand we see that on the physical plane, work is done not only by the mind but also by the body. The mind does a great many things on the physical plane. Cables, ships, etc., are all manifestations of your mental ideas, but all these material things are brought into physical manifestation through the instrumentality of the body. Tools have to be used to construct ships, to make cables, etc. Is the mind the captain or the tools? The mind is also

an instrument, not the agent.

All great ships, great buildings, great works of art, etc., are conceived or planned through the mind and executed by the body.

In order to realize your unity, you must make use of both. Realizing unity and manifesting on the mental plane are different things. To realize your unity, you must spurn the mental as well as the physical plane, both are worlds.

Q.—If God is all-powerful, and we are God, why not hear through the eyes, and see through the ears ?

A.—You say my feet, my nose, my eyes, my arms etc. If these are yours, then why do you not see through the ears and hear through the eyes ? If God is one and all powerful, let Him do as He pleases.

God manifests Himself on certain planes through the mind and on other planes through the body; He is interspersed throughout the Universe. If He were dependent, He would answer the desires and whims of man.

Because He is not bound by any laws, powers, or whims of men, He does as He pleases.

Rama tells you, you are not the thinking, desiring mind. If you were, then, of course you could do as you pleased. If you were, you might have changed the plan of work of the mind to that of the body and *vice versa*, but desiring mind you are not. you are the same God as is doing everything in this world.

Rise above the mind. The mind desires; these desires, cravings you are not.

That which makes the trees grow, that which makes the birds fly, etc, that you are. God is you, you are God. God is not an attribute of yours.

Q.—Is it necessary to study Rings and Rounds?

A.—So long as you have ignorance in your mind, you will always like to have all kinds of playthings, all kinds of amusements. When you grow up, you will give up your toys. When you get real knowledge, you will give up the playthings of

the material world or of the astral world. So long as you have not acquired that, you cannot but amuse yourself with these things.

Knowledge is the burning up of ignorance.

Ignorance and knowledge are the ascent and descent upon the same ladder. Ignorance is the coming down the ladder, while knowledge is the going up the ladder, the same thing viewed from different standpoints.

Science proves that Light and Darkness are not different, but are one and the same, differing in degree only.

Sit in a dark room. After a time the pupil of the eye dilates and you begin to see, and what was darkness becomes light.

Knowledge and ignorance are not a pair of opposites. The difference lies in degree, not in kind. So long as you are in ignorance, you are on the lower round of the ladder of knowledge. While on the lower rounds you can't help amusing yourself with *Rings* and *Rounds*; and when you

ascend higher and higher, they will be given up.

Q.—In the “Voice of Silence,” it is stated, “The self of matter and the self of spirit can never meet. One of the twain must disappear. There is no place for both.” Does Vedanta hold the same view?

A.—Self of matter and self of Spirit cannot meet. Rama thinks that the self of matter and the self of spirit must have had a different meaning from what is understood.

The self of matter, which ought to disappear before the Self of spirit is realized, is what Rama has been calling the false ego, the false or apparent self, as shown in the image reflected in the water.

That must disappear before you can realize your unity with God. That is true in that sense. Thinking ignorantly must be dispelled. This ignorance which identifies you with the body, this little “responsible copy-righting self” is the self of matter and must be first destroyed or dispelled.

If by the terms ‘self of matter’ and

'Self of spirit' it is understood that matter is here and spirit is some-where else, that matter has one self, and spirit has another self, that they are distinct, separate, this is wrong. Matter and spirit have one and the same self.

Spirit is misunderstood. If by spirit is meant what philosophers call mind, even then mind and matter have not two distinct selves, one and the same they are. The difference is in degree, not in kind.

Science has proved that matter and mind are one and the same. Philosophers show that matter and energy are one and the same.

It was first pointed out by Leibnitz in Europe, although it was known to India 10,000 years ago, that "Atoms are simply centres of force." This theory has been taken up and proved by Science. Lord Calvin, in one of his great papers, has shown by means of mathematical propositions that Matter and Force are the same. How then can Matter and Spirit be different? But even if he meant Matter and Mind, they

are one and the same.

Go to the mountains. On the Himalayas you see magnificent scenery. There is the fragrance of flowers, the singing of birds, the murmur of streams, the sweet sound of the breeze. What are these? Are they not matter? But this matter is being transformed into power, into thought, exhilaration, being changed into God-Consciousness, and converted into music, creating lofty ideas in you. There we see the outside matter transforming itself into thought. What about your great houses, your ships, your cities and towns, men and women? All these were at one time simply mental thought. The house was built in the mind first, and constructed afterwards.

In the Himalayas, material objects are changed into Mental Thought,—just as water is turned or condensed into aqueous vapour, aqueous vapour into water. What does it prove? That both are the same. Similarly, if *matter* were different from *mind*, then mind would not affect matter, and *vice versa*.

There is a beautiful poem written in the Persian language. The meaning or substance of it is that a drop of water in the shape of a tear fell from the clouds. The tears fell, and when asked, 'why this weeping'; it replied, "O, I am such a tiny, puny, insignificant thing. I am so small, oh, too small, and the ocean is so big. I weep at my smallness." It was told, "weep not, do not confine yourself to name and form only, but look within you; see what you are. Are you not water; and what is the ocean? Is it not water too? Don't look upon yourself as being confined in space and time. Look beyond this Space and Time, and see your reality." Things which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another. You become miserable when you confine yourself within time. Lift yourself above all. Not only are matter and spirit the same, but all are the same. True Self is beyond all time. The whole world is within you. Just as in your dreams, you think yourself to be in the woods or forests, in the mountains, by the rivers, they seem to be outside, but all are

within you. If they were outside, then the room would be weighed down, and the bed would be wet with the water you saw.

Similarly, Vedanta says, "All the world is within you ; the astral and the psychic worlds are all within you, and you think that you are in them. Just as a lady carrying a mirror on her thumb looks into the mirror and thinks she is in the glass, but it is just the reverse ; so, as a matter of fact, the world is in you, and you are not in the world. There are two kinds of talk, talk from the head, and talk from the heart. Talk from the head can be handled at any time we please. When talk proceeds from the heart, then it becomes different.

There are many kinds of whistles. Some imitate the peacock, others imitate the sound of a cock, others the sound of the pig etc. Whenever you blow these whistles, you can get the sound of a pig or cock at will, but you cannot make the cock, the real peacock or the real pig do your bidding whenever you want them, nor can you make the cock cease his crowing, the

pig cease his squeaking, when they are not disposed to do so. They cannot be bound by time or place. In the Himalayas, the song flows and is formed into thought and proceeds no one knows where. Is it destroyed? No. Trees will preserve it, rivers will keep it, the earth will hold it; it will be carried through the atmosphere, will traverse the whole universe until it finds a man fit to receive it.

All thought comes direct from God. It does not come from this separate, apparent, responsible, copyrighting ego. It comes when that ego is dispelled.

According to Rama, every book is an inspired book, God's book, not only the Bible but Emerson's books, Darwin's books, Shakespeare, all are inspired just as much as the Vedas, because they cannot come out until man's little self is put aside.

Q.—Can a married man aspire to realization, can he realize his true Self?

A.—It can be shown that Vedanta is meant more for married men than for the hermits and Sannyasins. It is meant

more for the former than for those who live in the Himalayas.

In every family the husband wants to advance the happiness of the wife, and the wife wants to advance the happiness of the husband, but with their best intentions, what is the result? They both cause the fall of each other. Who is to blame? Is it their best interest to blame? No. It is their ignorance that is to blame. They know not in what lies the good of each other. This is the cause of troubles and miseries.

People think that by catering to or pampering the lower sensual propensities of one another, they are advancing the happiness of each other. When they pamper the vanity of one another, they think that is for good. All this idea of good is based upon ignorance. Such ignorance ought to be removed and then every house will be happy one.

Remember, we cannot change God, we cannot alter Nature. The Law of Nature, the Law of Providence is that we shall rise

to Self-consciousness. All the follies of the world, all the worldly wisdom of men in this world, is tending to push every one on the right road to this Divinity, to realize his unity and oneness with God. At the bayonet's point every one will have to learn to be a Vedantist.

Vedanta need not bring sword and flames to convince you. All laws of nature are, as it were, the soldiers and the Great Army of God, that are pushing you on the onward march to self-realization. You must come then, you cannot do otherwise.

If you know wherein consists the good of your neighbour, you will be working in accord with the Laws of Nature. Every household, every dingy dungeon will be converted to Him (or into Heaven).

In accordance with the Laws of Nature, real good consists in practically realizing your oneness with God. Your one good lies in your becoming free, and you are free only when you realize yourself to be God alone, the Almighty, the All-powerful, the Infinite. When you feel your

oneness with God, the same as you feel, "I am the son of such and such," when you let the tables be turned and feel, feel that Godhead, when that Godhead becomes real to you, when "I am the son of so and so" becomes a dream to you, a thing of the past, this is the goal of Realization.

As to how your miseries and anxieties are tending in the same direction, suffice it to say that with mathematical certainty it can be brought home to your perception that the plan of nature is that you should lift yourself to that plane of God-consciousness. Suffering consists in your not coming up to that ideal. Come up rise up to that ideal and there is no sin for you, you are above everything. You are the Perfect, Divine, yourself.

Realization cannot be obtained at one jump. Time is necessary. It took millions of years to build this body upto its present stage of evolution.

In past existence, you were at one time existing as a plant, at another time you were a slave in Africa, at another you

were manifesting in another race in some other country, and so on up to the present time.

To destroy a house takes time, but it does not take so long to destroy a house as to build it. If you have sufficient gunpowder or dynamite, or if you have sufficient force, you can pull it down. But many have not sufficient gunpowder, so to speak, to blow it up.

Living with your wife and children, if you thoroughly master this philosophy, if you master it even through the human intellect, Vedanta says, you are converted, you are free, you will no more suffer transmigration. You will not have to go by the three paths in order to realize the Godhead in this life. In order to have all the pleasures which are promised to those people after death, those who have an intellectual conviction of Vedanta, must throw it into the language of thought and action. They must *live* it and *feel* it.

They say, salvation by acts is prescribed in the Old Testament and

salvation by faith in the New Testament. But Heaven, the true state of Bliss, is reached by knowledge.

Acts alone cannot bring salvation. Faith in Jesus, the Christ, cannot bring salvation. Salvation is through your own self, and you have to understand your own self; that very moment you are free.

Knowing is of two kinds, through the intellect, and through the feeling.

Knowing the true Self through feeling is knowledge; salvation is by living faith or living knowledge. This you must have. Run away from it and you are full of despair. You must have it.

What happens in our ordinary households? Husband and wife have to help each other in working out his or her salvation, in acquiring the perfect, the real knowledge of Self. If they keep doing that, if the wife help the husband in acquiring living faith, living knowledge of Self, she is the Christ or saviour of the husband, and *vice versa*. As it is, the wife becomes the Judas Iscariot of the husband

and *vice versa*.

It is your own ignorance that is dragging you down, nothing in the family system drags you down. It is the wrong use of those relations that disturbs you. In the home, the wife is playing the part of Judas Iscariot. She wishes to make her husband sell his true Self, for 30 pieces of silver, she sells her true Self, her Atma, for a few trinkets, a few objects of vanity to adorn her drawing room or herself. So does the husband. The wife is to make the husband independent of her and the husband is to make the wife independent of him. But the husband wants the wife to believe that she belongs to him, and the wife wants the husband to believe that he belongs to her, and there comes the trouble. She wants to enslave him and he wants to enslave her.

It has been said before that if you tie an ox by a rope and try to hold it by the rope, you not only hold the ox but the ox also holds you. All property, all possessions are bondage.

According to Vedanta, every house can

be made a paradise, if instead of this property-rating spirit, there is the spirit of giving and not receiving.

Wife and husband alike should do all in their power to add to the benefit of each other. Demand nothing and expect nothing, then every thing will come to you. You will be filled with Heaven.

You say "Give me this article, bring me such and such a thing." It is brought to you. Let it be taken away from you and you suffer from the desire to have that thing. Desire is a disease ; it keeps you in a state of suspense.

Perhaps happiness came to you afterwards, when the object of your desire had been obtained ; but you had to go through such a trying experience of suspense, and after all it was brief.

If you expect nothing and give, you will find happiness in giving. Happiness lies in the object in which it is represented. Do not represent your happiness in receiving, but in giving ; giving always brings happiness.

When you give \$ 50 to your Church, that brings solace to your heart.

Take the position of giver, and you are the personification of happiness.

The secret of happiness in the household is that husband and wife both should occupy the position of giver and not of the expecter. Then both are happy. Now what should be given ? Knowledge, as far as lies in his or her power. You are a true husband or wife only when you are doing something in the line which makes the other purer for it. That is the law.

There was in India a king called Shikhardhwaj. He was a great king and mighty monarch. He wanted to realize his God-consciousness ; and in order to do that, he thought that he ought to give up his family life.

His wife was Chudala (चुडाला). She wanted to teach him, but he would not listen to her, for he thought nothing of her.

He renounced everything, gave up his kingdom, and his wife became the ruler.

He then went to the Himalayas, and there he lived about a year or so.

In the meantime the Empress, his wife, thought of a plan to bring him real happiness. So one day she put on the garb of a Sannyasin, and walked up to the cottage where her husband then was. She found him lost in a state of meditation; she remained standing beside him and when he came to his senses, he was filled with joy. Thinking her a great Sannyasin, he showered flowers on her.

She was in a blissful mood. He exclaimed, "I think God has incarnated in you to lift me up." She replied. "Yes yes." He wanted her to teach him and she did so. She said, "O king, if you want to enjoy perfect bliss, you will have to renounce everything." He was surprised, and replied, "I have renounced my empire, my wife, my children." She said, "You have renounced nothing."

He could not understand, and asked, "Am I not a man of renunciation, have I not given up my empire, my family?" She

answered, "No, no, do you not possess something still?" "Yes," he replied, I possess this cottage, this staff and this water vessel." Then you are not a man of renunciation," she replied. "So long as you possess anything, you are possessed by that thing. Action and reaction being opposites, you cannot possess anything without its possessing you." He then burnt the cottage, threw his staff into the river, burnt his water-vessel, and exclaimed, "Now am I not a man of renunciation?" She replied, "Renunciation cannot come from renouncing these objects." She said, "O king, you have burnt the cottage, but do you not still possess three cubits and a half of clay? It was wrong for you to destroy those things, you have gained nothing by it. What you possessed then you still possess, namely, that three cubits and a half of clay, where you lie down." He began to think and determined to burn the body. He piled up wood and made a great fire, and was about to jump into it, but the wife prevented him and exclaimed,

"O king, when your body is burnt, what will be left?" He replied, "Ashes will be left." "Whose ashes?" she asked. He replied, "My ashes." Then she replied. "You must still possess ashes. By burning the body you have not attained renunciation." He began to think and exclaimed, "How can I renounce, what shall I renounce?"

She asked, "Whose body is this?" He answered. "My body." "Well, renounce it." "Whose mind is this?" He answered, "My mind." "Then renounce it" The king was then made to ask questions. He said, "Who am I then? If I am not the mind, I am something else, and if I am not the body, I must be something different." He reflected and the conclusion was that the king realized, "I am the God of gods, the Lord of lords, the Infinite Being, the Supreme Excellence." He realized that, and said that this Supreme Excellence cannot be renounced, though other things may be.

They say that charity begins at home. Renunciation ought to begin with those

things that are nearest and dearest. It is that false ego which I must give up: this idea that "I am doing this," "I am the agent," and "I am the enjoyer," the idea which engenders in this false personality. Take these thoughts in, even though they are not proved. These thoughts must be done away with, "*My* wife," "*my* body," "*my* mind," "*my* children." Unless these ideas are renounced, realization is not attained.

Retire into the jungle and still you are not a man of renunciation, because the thought of making this or that belongs to you, is in your mind. Hermits do not always get rid of this thought; while kings living in royal state do get rid of it sometimes.

The man of renunciation is one who gets rid of this little appropriating self, this little apparent self. Can always a man who is ever conscious of "I am doing this," "I am doing that," "this is mine," &c., be ever called a man of renunciation? No. When he once realizes, and practically

feels and knows the Truth, knows that "I am the one Infinite, the Verity," that is, the governing power, ruler and owner of the whole world ; when he realizes that, then he is the same as the stars, the sun and the moon, the air and the water, for all these are his exponents.

The story goes that the wife of this king lived on for sometime, and at one time threw off her yogic garb or powers and made the king believe that she was playing false to him in favour of a former lover of hers, and to his knowledge remained in that state for sometime.

She afterwards came to the king and apologised, and said, "O king, you will please pardon me. I am wicked, and have been false to you. Forgive me, I pray you." The king lookd at her and said. "O girl, what is the meaning of these excuses and apologies ? Your misconduct would have caused me pain, had I believed in this body, had I been prompted by ignorance, had I believed that I am the owner of this body, and that you belong to me. If I were

a victim of that desire, a victim of that idea of the copy-righting spirit, if I had been subject to that malady, I would have been annoyed and deeply grieved, but as it is, I see no husband in my body ; I do not hold in my hands any rope ; I possess nothing and am possessed by nothing, I find myself the Infinite. Think, reflect, O girl, you may become pure, but there are other girls in this world who are impure ; they are mine also. As the Light of the Universe, I am the owner of the whole world ; for what shall I chafe, and for what shall I be pleased ?”

If a crime is committed by your neighbour, there is no grief, but if a crime is committed by your wife, oh, then you are deeply grieved. This comes through this self-appropriating copy-righting spirit.

The queen went back to the kingdom and soon returned to the king and exclaimed, “O king, you are a veritable God. What difference does it make where you live ? Are the Himalayas more yours than those palaces ?” The king replied that he was

present everywhere. "All bodies are mine," said he, "this body is not any more mine than other bodies. This body is not present in the eyes of the *Jnani*; it is present only in those who do not know the whole truth."

All this world is created by your own thought. This is as true as mathematical certainty. It is a bold statement, but it is literally true.

They took the king to the throne again. He was living in the midst of all the luxury, in the midst of all these uncertainties, pure, pure, no dupe of the senses, not led by his senses. He ruled for 25 years. What was he? He was neither a king nor a monarch but God Himself. This was renunciation.

To him the pebbles and stones, the thorny roses and velvet cushions, and those silk quilts, those princely, royal magnificent houses were the same.

People say, "Don't touch this, don't touch that", and in India they say, "Have no attachment, but at the same time have no hatred or jealousy."

Asceticism, in India, is simply a ladder which leads to the realization of Truth. True realization comes when you feel Godhead. Artificial renunciation will not do. You have seen that through his noble queen, the mighty monarch realized Godhead within him. That is the way that married people can and should live together and bring about each other's realization, and make a Heaven of their home.

OM ! OM !! OM !!!

REINCARNATION AND FAMILY TIES.

*Lecture, delivered at the Academy
of Sciences on December 27, 1902.*

Myself in the form of ladies and gentlemen.

A very wealthy merchant in India was at one time going to give a grand feast to the people living in his city. To grand feasts is often invited a bevy of dancing girls. This custom is now being given up in India, but at the time which Rama speaks of, it was prevalent in full force.

One of the girls began to dance and sing. She sang a song which was awfully lewd, awfully bad, a song which nobody would have enjoyed, and still on that particular occasion, the song sank deep into the hearts of the whole audience. What

was the reason? You know, learned men and young gentlemen in India never like such bad and vulgar songs; but on that occasion the song so much insinuated itself into the hearts and souls of the audience that they were enraptured by it. Months and months after that occasion, most of the learned scholars, who had heard that song once, were seen walking through the streets humming it by themselves, and gentlemen were whistling it to themselves. And all of them who had once heard it were loving the song and liking it, were cherishing and nourishing it in their hearts.

Here the question is, in what lay the charm? Ask any one of those people who heard the song, in what lies the charm and what is it that makes the song so dear to you? All these will say, the song is so beautiful, oh, the song is so sweet, oh the song is so ennobling, so elevating, the song is very good. But it is not so. The same song was abominable to them before they heard it sung by this dancing girl, but now they like it. This is a

mistake. The real charm lay in the tone, the face, the looks, the appearance and the manner of singing employed by the girl. The real charm lay in the girl, and that real charm was transferred to the song.

That is what happens in the world. There comes a teacher who has a very sweet face, who has got very sweet eyes, who has a beautiful nose. His voice is very clear, and he can throw himself this way and that way. Oh, whatever he says is beautiful, is most attractive; oh, it is so good, it is so charming. That is the mistake made by the world. Nobody examines the truth by itself. Nobody thinks anything of the song, It is the acting or the way of putting things, or it is the manner of speaking, the delivery, it is the charm in the outward things which makes the teaching so attractive, so dear, so lovely to the audience.

The other day a very good friend, a very esteemed hearer was speaking to Rama about a certain Swami, Swami Vivekananda. The question was asked,

“Had he not beautiful eyes and nose?”
Do you attend to the lectures, or do you attend the nose and the eyes?

That is the way of the world. The charm lies with most speakers in their way of talking, in their delivery, in their voice and that charm is attributed to the speech. Weigh the things by themselves. Attend more to the real speaker than to the body of the speaker. These words appear to be harsh and terrible, but Rama is no respecter of persons. Rama respects you, you that are the truth. Truth is your real Self, and Rama respects you in that sense. Even though you do not like the delivery, even though you do not like the way things are put before you, Rama tells myself in the form of ladies and gentlemen, tells you that if you want true happiness, if you want real peace, you must attend to Rama’s speeches, you must hear these lectures. They bring you joy. Weigh them by themselves. Think of them, meditate upon the words that you hear. When you go home, try to recall them and put them into practice.

Rama wanted to speak on the Vedanta religion, but here are so many questions. These questions have been sent to Rama to be answered. All these questions and any question that can occur to any body on the face of the earth will find their answers in the lectures to be delivered in this city. All these questions and all other questions will find their due answers in time, even if no questions are given to Rama, Rama will go on speaking on the subject, taking up proposition after proposition. All these will be answered, but some want their questions to be answered first.

To-night, or any single night or afternoon, we cannot answer all these questions. We can have one question on one night, and that question can serve as the subject of discourse for that night. This question was the first; so we will take it up.

Before beginning, a few words might be spoken about the Bible, the Alkoran, the Vedas, and the Gita. People take these books and believe in them implicitly, because they come from the pen of a man

or men whom they like. Christ had a fine character, a beautiful influence, and the accounts given in the Gospel are put into his mouth, therefore we must accept them. Krishna was very good and had a fine character, and as the Gita comes from his mouth, we must accept it wholly and solely. Buddha was very good, and such and such a book came from him, or at least was said to proceed from him, we must therefore put implicit faith in it, and stop thinking. We should give up meditation, we should accept the truth because it comes from him. Is not that the same fallacy, is not that the same mistake as was made by the hearers and spectators of the dancing girl, mentioned a few minutes before? The same mistake. His teaching is one thing and his character and the beauty of his life is another. Often it happens that the man was the finest man of his time, but his teachings were imperfect. Upon this fallacy, upon this mistake is founded all the sectarianism of the world. All the religious quarrels and fights of the world were the result of this mistake. You

know, Oliver Goldsmith was a man, of whom Doctor Johnson said that he wrote like an angel, and he was an M. D. a doctor of medicine. This Oliver Goldsmith was all right when he ate and when he talked, but when describing the way he ate and talked, he used to say that while eating or talking, he never made the lower jaw move. It is always the upper jaw that moves and not the lower one. He had a great contest with Dr. Johnson on that subject. He was very stubborn in upholding his wrong position. Everybody now-a-days knows that when we talk or eat, it is the lower jaw that always moves, and never the upper one. Of course, when we make the whole head turn, then the upper jaw moves. And yet he maintained that never the lower jaw but the upper jaw moves.

So far as actual life is concerned, he is perfectly right; but his own experience, his own action, his own life he cannot describe. You know, to act is one thing and to know the philosophy of how we act is another thing. Everybody speaks

English, but it is very few who know English Grammar. Everybody reasons in some way or other, but it is very few who know the science of reasoning or who have read Deductive or Inductive Logic. Similarly, to live an ideal life is one thing and to be able to tell the philosophy of it, to be able to render reasons for it is quite another. People make this mistake. They transfer the body or the personal character of the teachers to their teachings and become slaves of the teachers. Rama says, beware! beware!

Christ had very few books, and yet all the Masters of Arts and Doctors of Divinity rack their brains to interpret what is written in the Gospels. Mohammed spoke beautiful things. Wherefrom did they get all the inspiration, wherefrom did they derive all the information? They got it first-hand from a source which is also within you.

Manu had very few books, but he gave the Hindus a beautiful work on Law. Homer had very few books, yet he gave you

poems which are being translated into every language, the *Illiad* and *Odyssey*. Aristotle was no Master of Arts or Doctor of Divinity, and yet Masters of Arts have to read his books.

Wherefrom did Christ and Krishna derive inspiration? From within. If these people could derive their information from within, can't you do that? Certainly, you can. The source, the spring, the fountain-head from which they got their inspiration is within you just the same. If that is the case, why hunger and thirst for the water which has been lying in this world for thousands and thousands of years and which has become stale by this time. You can go directly within yourself and drink deep of the nectar. The fountains are within you.

Rama says, "Brothers and my own self, those people lived in those days, you live to-day; be not the mummies of thousands of years. Do not put the living into the hands of the dead. The divine manna, the blessed nectar is within you. When you

take up the books of the ancients, do not take them up with the presumption that you should sell yourself to every words that is given in the books. Think yourselves, meditate yourselves. Unless you realize those things, unless you put those things into your own practice, unless you try to verify them by your own life, you will not be able to understand the meaning of Christ, you will not be able to understand what the Vedas mean, or what the Gita means, or what the Gospels mean. In order to understand Milton, a Milton is required, as the saying runs ; in order to understand Christ, you will have to become a Christ. In order to understand Krishna, you will have to become a Krishna, you will have to become a Buddha in order to understand Buddha. What is the meaning of "become?" Should you be born in India in order to become a Buddha ? No, no, Should you be born in Judea in order to become a Christ ? No. Should you be born in Arabia in order to become a Mohammed ? No. How to become a Buddha, how to become a

Christ, how to become a Mohammed ? It will be illustrated by this short story.

There was a man who was reading a love-poem, a beautiful poem, which described the love of Laili and Majnun. He admired the hero of the poem, Majnun, so much that he attempted to become Majnun. In order to become Majnun, he took a picture which somebody told him was the picture of the heroine of the poem he had been reading. He took up that picture, hugged it, shed tears over it, placed it on his heart, and never parted with it. But you know, artificial love cannot exist long. Here is artificial love. Natural love cannot be imitated, and he was trying to imitate love.

There came up to him a man, and told him, "Brother, what are you doing ? That is not the way to become Majnun. If you want to become Majnun, you need not take up his lady love, you ought to have the real internal love of Majnun. You do not want the same object of love, you require the same intensity of love. You may have your own object of love, you may

choose your own heroine, you may choose your own lady love, but you ought to have the same intensity of feeling and loving which Majnun had. That is the way to become a genuine Majnun "

Similarly, Rama tells you, if you want to become a Christ, a Buddha, a Mohammed, or a Krishna, you need not imitate the things that they did, you need not imitate the act of their lives, you need not become a slave of the way they themselves behaved. You need not sell your liberty to their deeds and their statements, you will have to realize their character, you will have to realize the intensity of their feelings, you will have to realize the depth of their realization, you will have to realize the deep spirit, the genuine power that they had. If you manifest the same spirit in life, I say, the surroundings and environments that you have got before you now must be changed. What would Christ do if he were born tonight? Would he suffer Himself to be crucified? No. You can be a Christ and yet live. Christ

suffered his body to be crucified for his convictions, and Schopenhauer suffered his body to live for his convictions, and to live for your convictions is oftentimes harder than to die for your convictions.

So this introduction is summed up by saying. "Take up everything on its own merits ; do not allow the personality, I say, the life of the prophet to interfere with his teachings. The life and the teaching we should consider each separately."

Here is the first question : "If reincarnation is a truth, is it not a breaking up of family ties ?" and there is another part of the question—"And will not those who are linked together in this life meet in the spiritual world ?"

This is a beautiful question. We will take it up part by part. "If reincarnation is a truth, is it not the breaking up of family ties ?"

Rama simply wants to know if there are any family ties in this world. Have you any family ties ? A man has a son, a child who lives with his father so long

as he is under-age. The child becomes of age, gets a lucrative position and begins to shun his father. Why should the father be benefited by the salary that the son draws? At once is the tie snapped. The son has a family of his own. It may be that the son moves up to India, Germany, or some other country; the father moves to some other country. Where is the family tie?

Yes, there is a family tie, a mere name. I am John Smith; my father was George Smith. A name, a mere name. What is in a name? Let us see if there be any tie.

A man is born here and a girl is born somewhere else. One is an American, the other is a German; they marry. The family tie of the girl was somewhere; the family tie of the boy was somewhere else, and they married. Oh, where are the old ties gone? Now a new tie is made, and there comes a time when they are divorced. Each marries again. Where are the ties? Could you keep them fixed, stationary?

A boy and his sister are born of the same parents, they live together and pass their childhood in the same house, they are tied together ; they have a family tie. The boy goes away to Australia and has connections of his own ; the sister goes away to France and there she becomes a French woman. Where are the ties ? Now the question comes. "If reincarnation is a truth, is it not the breaking up of family ties ?" Family ties are not existent in this world. What will it break ? It is not the breaking up of family ties, because family ties are nowhere.

But if we suppose that family ties do really exist and we can keep them up for some time in this life, reincarnation does not break them. Stooping down to the other explanation, reincarnation does not break them up. You say, you have got so many children. Suppose, one of them dies. You want to keep up the family ties, but one is snatched away, the connection is broken even in this world. But some people think that these ties will

be mended, the threads that are broken will be again mended in Heaven. If they can be mended again in Heaven, if they can be mended in some other world, and if you wish that they should be made up again, and these ties should be united again, you need not assume the existence of an imaginary Heaven, of which no Geography tells you, and of which no Science can give you the address. If you wish that your connection with your friends should continue for a longer period, it can go on after death according to the Law of Reincarnation, because, according to it, man is the master of his own destiny. Your personal ties and your personal relations and connections are made by yourself. When you die, if you have a deep affection for somebody, in your next birth, you will find the same person incarnated in some other body and connected with you. If in your present birth you do not wish to see that person, and you want to have nothing to do with him, according to the Law of Reincarnation, in your next birth you will have nothing to

do with him. The Law of Reincarnation does not say that even friends and foes, the people whom you do not wish to come in contact with, and the people whom you desire so earnestly to keep with you, will be forced upon you after death. Vedanta does not say that those whose presence you loathe, those whose presence is so terrible to you, will be forced upon you. If a lady is divorced from her husband, and she does not want to see him again, according to the Law of Karma, that husband will not bother her any more. Those whom she wants to see, those with whom she wants to keep connections, she will know in the next birth.

There are a great many misunderstandings connected with this subject. All of them will be taken up one by one. We shall take up the Heaven, as is misunderstood by the people at large in Europe and America. Shall we call it the Christian Heaven. No. We shall call it Churchian Heaven. Does not the idea of Heaven involve a contradiction in terms? By the word

Heaven they understand a place where all of them will sit and live together. Rama asks you to kindly reflect a little, for truth's sake just think a little. Can there be any perfect happiness where you are limited? In limitation can there be any happiness? Impossible, impossible. If your Heaven is to present you with so many rivals, all those that were dead in the past, and those that will die in the future, and all those that are dying to-night whether in India, Australia, America, or elsewhere, all these being there, will it give you any happiness? You know Alexander Selkirk could sing,

"I am the monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute'."

When you sit in a car, you wish that you could have the whole car to yourself. If other people come in, you feel disturbed a little. When you are sitting in your room and a visitor comes to you, you tell the servant to say to him, not at home, not at home.

You have a house and property, and somebody else has a similar house and

property, and despite all the teachings of the Gospels and the Vedas you wish that you had more wealth than he. You wish that you had him not as your rival but as your subordinate. Is it not a fact that some Christians, not real Christians, but mis-called Christians, if they have a Buddhist, a Mohammedan, or a Hindu on the same ship with them, loathe his presence? Rama tells of this from experience. They loathe his presence. It mars their happiness, and if in Heaven you have to see around you all sorts of persons,—persons, who are far superior to you, persons like Christ and Buddha whom you think so far superior to you, you have persons like the saints who are ahead of you, and there are other people who are in advance of you,—will that keep you happy? Can that keep you happy? Just think over it a little, just give it a moment's thought.

Wherever there is difference, there can be no happiness. Impossible, impossible. What is it that mars your cheerfulness? It is the sight of others. Everybody wants

to be the *only* one. Everybody wants to be unrivalled, one without a second. You can have no happiness in this kind of Heaven which you have misunderstood to be held out to you by the Bible.

In what way can we interpret the Bible in order that it may have some grain of reason in it? In the Bible we have, "We meet in Heaven." All of us meet in Heaven. We meet our friends in Heaven. What is the meaning of that? What does it really mean? Interpret it rightly, understand it. Don't you know in the same Bible, where it is said that all of us meet in Heaven, in that same New Testament, it is stated, "The kingdom of Heaven is within you. The kingdom of God is within you." The kingdom of God, the real Heaven is *within* you, not *without* you. Do not imagine Heaven without you; don't look for it in the sky, or among the stars. Have a little mercy upon God. If that God lives upon the clouds, the poor fellow will catch cold. Heaven is within you. God is within you. Just see.

Throw yourself into a state of blissful God-consciousness ; throw yourself into a state of perfect unity with the Divinity, enter into the state of Nirvan, so to say, realize that divine blissful state, and you are Heaven itself, not merely *in* Heaven. There you are united with the whole world, there you become one with all the dead and all the living and all the people that are expected to appear on this earth. Heaven is within you, and in this way do we meet in Heaven. *Jivan Mukta*, a man liberated even in this life, is always in Heaven, he is one with all the living and with all the dead. He is one with all that are expected to come into this world in the future. He realizes and feels that all the stars are his own Self, that all the known animals are his own Self. He realizes and feels that he is the true Divinity, the real Being, the true Thing in itself, the Substance, the Unknowable God. He is All, and thus being All, he is in Heaven and in Heaven he meets everybody.

Something very important is going to

be told now. People in this world want to meet the objects of their desires, though they crave for them, yet do not get them. How is it that they do not get them, and how can they get them? People become broken-hearted, love-stricken, passion-stricken, desire-stricken, pine away and waste their time and life and even make a wreck of their life. Why is this so? Because they do not meet in Heaven, that is the sole reason. If you wish that your friends should meet you, O people of the world that are hankering after worldly riches, if you wish that worldly riches should seek you, O men of this world, you are wasting your energy for the sake of your sweethearts. If you wish that instead of your loving them, they should love you with your intensity of love, O men that want to seek high positions and fail, follow the advice of Rama, for it is the open sesame, it is the only master key which unlocks all the hidden objects of desire. You will have to meet in Heaven and you will have to see that everything seeks you. What is the meaning of meeting in Heaven?

So far from there being anything divine in the low and proprietary sense of 'do you love me,' begging love, seeking love, asking love, it is only when you leave me and lose me, by casting yourself on a statement which is higher than both of us, that I draw near and find myself at your side. I am repelled if you fix your eyes on me and demand love. That is the Law, that is the inevitable, immutable, unrelenting, inexorable, unchangeable Law. The very moment that you rise above the desire, the object of desire seeks you ; and the very moment that you assume the craving, seeking, asking, begging attitude, you will be repelled ; you will not have, you cannot have the object of desire. Rise above the thing, stand above it, and it will seek you. That is the Law. It has been said, "Seek and it shall be given you, knock and it shall be opened unto you." That is misunderstood. Seek and you will never find, knock and it shall never be opened unto you. Is it not so, that when a beggar comes to you, you loathe his

sight? Is it not true that poor men are not allowed to walk through the streets, they are sent to jail? Rama visited the jail and the only fault of most of the prisoners was that they were poor, that they were beggars. People say, "Go to the poor-house; we are insulted by your presence." Is it not so?

You want to go to God, and go to God in a beggarly spirit, with unclean clothing. Will you be allowed to enter? No. When you go to a king you will have to put on your nicest dress; when you go to God you will have to put on the dress of desirelessness. If you want to see God, to realize the Kingdom of Heaven, then you will have to put on the clothing of wantlessness. You will have to be above want you will have to be above desire.

"First seek the Kingdom of Heaven and everything else will be added unto you." That is the Law.

The Law of Karma says that man is the master of his own destiny. We make our own environments and circumstances.

Every child is the father of his father ; every daughter is the mother of her mother. These statements seem to be paradoxical ; they appear to be preposterous ; oh, but they are the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

According to the Law of Karma, (Rama is not going to enter into the Law of Karma, but only one part which concerns the subject in hand), when you desire things, so long as you go on craving and yearning for them, they are denied unto you. But after a period of craving and yearning, after a period of desiring, willing and wishing, there comes a time when you become tired of that willing, wishing and desiring, and you turn your back to it, and become disgusted and hopeless. *Then* it is brought to you. That is the Law of Karma.

You know that in order that a man may make progress, he will have to raise one step and bring the other down, lift one foot and drop the other. Similarly, in order that the Law of Karma may reign,

in order that your desires may be fulfilled and realized, there must come a period when you rise above the desires, when you give up the desire; and thus it is by keeping off the wish and giving up the wish that the wish is satisfied. Usually, the writers on the Law of Karma lay all the stress upon the positive side and ignore the negative side of the question. Rama tells you that all your wishes must be fulfilled ; all your desires must be fructified. Everything that you long for must be brought before you, but there is one condition. Before it is realized, there must come upon you a state where you give up the desire, and when you give up the desire, then will the desire be satisfied. Rama thinks that this part is not understood by each and all, and the reason is, they have not heard the previous lectures delivered by Rama at the Hermetic Brotherhood in Van-ness Avenue. Well, if you do not understand it now, it will be taken up at some other time.

One thing more. The majority of people wish to keep up their ties, their

relations, to unite and perpetuate their connections. Let it be cried out at the top of the voice, let it be proclaimed everywhere that it is a mad idea to wish to continue and perpetuate your worldly relations, your earthly connections. You cannot, cannot. It is hoping against hope ; a forlorn hope. You cannot perpetuate your earthly connections and worldly ties. You cannot continue anything worldly. Cannot, cannot. Let it penetrate your hearts, let it sink deep into your souls that it is a sad thought, a mad idea to try to perpetuate any worldly ties or relations. Rama repeats it, repeats it, brother, that you cannot do so. Nothing in this world is permanent ; nothing in this world is eternal. The only thing permanent is the divinity within you, the God that you are, the Reality that you are. This body cannot be perpetuated, this little body cannot be made to last for ever. Even if you live for five billions of years, still there is death. The Sun dies one day, the Earth dies, the stars die that means

change. All these undergo a change, cannot be perpetuated, just as your body is undergoing a change every second. After seven years it is entirely renewed, it becomes a new body altogether.

Similarly, your connections, your ties go on changing, changing, they cannot be perpetuated. Give up attachment in that direction, if you have any.

Rivers may flow uphill,

wind may blow downward,

Fire may emit cold rays,

the sun may shed darkness,

but this law of the impermanence of worldly relations, worldly connections, cannot be frustrated or foiled. That is the Law. if you think otherwise, you are mistaken. Just as in a river, logs of wood come floating on the surface, one log comes from one side, another from some other side. They meet for a moment, they remain in contact for a second, and they are destined to part again. A strong wave comes and separates them. It may be that these logs of wood, that are adrift on the river, may meet again, but

they will have to separate again sometime. Just as in your life, in your every-day life, father and mother, brothers and sisters live together, but in every 24 hours they part, they separate. Many a time they meet again for a few minutes ; then they separate into their separate rooms or offices. Just as you observe on a smaller scale in every household, in every domestic circle, the same is the case on a larger scale with your relations, connections and distant friends. You cannot remain together for ever and ever. If that is the case, why play the child's part? Why not be more concerned with what lasts for ever, what is permanent and eternal? Why not care more for That than for the fleeting relations? Why not think more of the eternal, permanent Reality with which you cannot part, why not try to secure and realize That? And why try to sacrifice the permanent Reality, the real Eternity, why sacrifice. That for fleeting, impermanent relations?

There was a newly married girl in India. She was sitting with her sister-in-

law and with her mother-in-law. They were having a very pleasant chat. The husband of this new bride was away from the scene. He was absent. Then the sister-in-law of this new bride passed some remarks against the husband of this girl. They made some statements which depreciated the husband of the new bride. Rama was present. Rama heard these sweet words from the lips of this bride. She said, "For your sake, for your sake, for you who have to live with him for a few days only, you that have to pass with him a week or so, for your sake, I will not play the child's part to break with the bridegroom with whom I have to spend my whole life "

Have as much wisdom as that bride had, as that lady had. All these worldly ties, worldly relations, worldly connections will not last for ever. You have to spend your whole life with the true Self, that is eternal, you cannot break with It. For the sake of this fleeting present, you should not break with the true Self. Why do you sell yourself? Why do you live the life which

belittles you ? Why do you not realize the God within, why do you break with the true Self ? Have enough wisdom.

To Lord Buddha came a man who asked him to go to his father's cabin. You know, the same Lord Buddha, who was a prince, an emperor, was a mendicant at one time, he gave up everything and became a mendicant. As a mendicant he went from place to place, not asking or begging for anything. If anybody threw anything into the bowl, which he carried in his hand, well and good, otherwise he did not care a straw for the body for this worldly life. He went into his father's kingdom and there he was walking through the streets in the beggar's dress, in the mendicant's garb. It is a misnomer to call him a mendicant, it is no mendicancy, no beggary, it is kinghood, it is majesty. He does not seek anything, he does not ask for anything. What if he perishes ? Let him perish ; it matters not. He does not come to you to ask for food or clothing, not at all.

He was walking through the streets in that garb, and his father heard about it, came up to him, shed bitter tears and said, "Son, dear prince, I never did this, I never took this dress that you wear ; my father, that is to say, your grand father never had this mendicant's dress, your great-grandfather never walked as a mendicant through the streets. We have been kings, you belong to a royal family, and why is it that you are this day bringing disgrace and shame to the whole family by adopting the mendicant's garb? Do not do that, please, do not do that, please. Keep my honour."

Smilingly the Buddha replied, smilingly did he say, "Sir, sir, the family to which I belong, I look behind. I look behind to my previous births, and I see that the family to which I belong has been all along a family of mendicants, and it is illustrated in this way.

Here is one street and there comes another street. Buddha says, "Sir, you have been coming from your births in that line, I have been coming in this line, and

in this birth, we have met on the crossing. Now I have to go my way and you have to go your way."

Where are the ties? Where are the connections? You say that you have got your children. You will excuse Rama if he says such things as are looked upon as indecent by the civilization of this country. You say these children are yours, you say here is my son, the flesh of my flesh, the blood of my blood, the bone of my bone, the muscle of my muscle. Oh, here is my self, here is my son, oh dear little son, sweet little child. And you hug him to your breast; you keep him close to yourself, but just examine your philosophy. That child is yours and you want to see that tie perpetuated, to see that tie continued. Will you for truth's sake answer, if the child is your son and you are to keep up your connection with the child on the ground that the child is born of your body, what about the lice? Are they not born of your body? Are they not the children of your sweat? Are they not the blood of

your blood, is not their blood all taken from you ? Is not the whole life your life ? Just answer. What injustice it is to kill some kind of children, how unreasonable it is to destroy one kind of children and to caress and shower all your love on the other kind. Look at your logic. Rama does not mean that you should be cruel to your children, that you should not look after their needs, far from it. Rama preaches that you should look upon the whole world as yourself, and your own children, why should they be excepted ? Do no misinterpret Rama. What Rama says is, "Do not allow your family ties to retard your progress. Do not allow your family connections to stand in your way. Do not allow them to hinder you from making onward advance. Allow them not to hinder you."

When this body, your own self, which you call Rama, took up the order of Swami, gave up family connections and worldly position, there came some people and said, 'Sir, sir, how is it that you have disregarded the claims of your wife, children,

relatives and the students who were looking to you for help and aid, why have you utterly disregarded their claims?" This was the question put. Rama says, "Who is your neighbour?" Just see The man who put that question to Rama was a fellow-Professor in the College. To him Rama said, "You are a Professor, you lecture on Philosophy in the College, in the University, and now can you tell whether your wife and children also have got the same learning as you have? Can you tell whether your auntie or grandmamma possess the same learning as you do? Do your cousins possess the same knowledge?" He said, "No, I am a Professor." Rama said, "How is it that you come to the University and lecture, but you do not lecture to your little children, your wife and your servants? Why do you not lecture to your grandmamma and to your cousins and to your auntie? How is it? And he said that they could not understand him, and then it was explained to the man as follows :—

Look here. These are not your neighbours; these servants, this grandmamma, wife, children, and even your dogs, they are not your neighbours. Even though the dog is your constant companion, never leaves you, and is your greatest companion in the eyes of the ignorant, still you know that the dog, the servants, and the ignorant auntie and grandmamma are not your neighbours. Who are you? You are not the body, you are the true Self, but you do not admit that, being a European philosopher. You are the mind ; your neighbours are those that dwell constantly with you on the same meridian where your mind lives. All the students, the Masters of Art, the Bachelors of Art, all these in their parlor, in their reading room, pore over the same books, they keep pondering over the same subject, reading the same thing as you read. Your mind dwells upon the same subjects as theirs, and they are your neighbours. When you are in your reading room, people say that he is in the reading room. Upon your honour, say whether you

are in the reading room or whether you are in your thoughts. You do not live in the reading room, even though the dog is seated on your lap, even though your children come into the room, they are nothing to you, you are there in the philosophical plane, and on that height your neighbours are the students who are reading the same subject in their own homes. These are your neighbours, your nearest neighbours, and thus can you extend your helping hand to the students more than to your auntie and grandmamma and dog and servants, who are not your neighbours. Your neighbour is he who lives nearer to your spirit, he who lives on the same plane where you live. Your neighbour is not he who lives in the same house ; rats and flies live in the same house ; dogs and cats live in the same house.

Tell me, Professor, if you had any thing to do with it, where would you be born. Would you be born in the family of the same ignorant grandmamma or auntie ? No, no. You would be born in the family where the people are of the same mind

with you, where the people are such that give you congenial surroundings and environments. You will be born there. You will be born in a different family, in a family which is nearest to you. There you are all the time changing your family connections. What is the meaning of Love? Love simply means that you feel the same way as another does. Nothing more. You love a man ; his interests, his pleasures, his pains are identical with yours. The same objects which pain him pain you, the same objects which please you please him, the same objects which bring delight to you bring delight to him. That is love. You love him. You do not love a man for his own sake, you love your own Self in him, nothing else. You can love only your own Self. There is a man X, and here is man Y, and there is a man Z, or, as in Chemistry we have a formula of this kind:—X has got something in common with Y and it has something in common with Z, or X has got more in common with Z than Y, so X will be attracted more to Z than Y.

Thus are your family ties broken and re-broken and re-united. Thus Love simply means recognising something of your self in some other person. Let a man be wholly and solely your counterpart, and you are all love.

This brings us to another subject which Rama will not take up to-night. It is a very important subject. The subject is fearlessness. How is fear created, what is the cause of fear? It will be shown that this very attachment, this very desire to perpetuate your ties and relations, is the source of all fear. People say, do not fear, do not fear. How illogical they are! As if fear wear in your power and not over you. A remedy for fear will be given, but Rama leaves that subject, it will be taken up again.

A poem which is a translation of one of the *Upanishads* is going to be recited, and then *bus*. Rama wishes you to learn at least one word of Hindustani. The translation is not perfect, the translation is not good and still it will convey some idea.

The untouched soul, greater than all the
 Worlds, (because the worlds by it exist),
 Smaller than subtle ties of things minutest,
 Last of ultimatest,
 Sits in the very heart of all that lives,
 Resting, it ranges everywhere ! Asleep
 It roams the world, unsleeping ; How can one
 Behold divinest spirit, as it is
 Glad beyond joy existing outside life.
 Beholding it in bodies, bodiless,
 Amid impermanency permanent,
 Embracing all things, yet in the midst of all,
 The mind enlightened casts its grief away.

OM ! OM !

THE PROBLEM OF SIN

*Lecture, delivered on 28th, December, 1902
in U. S. A.*

Some objections on the teachings of Vedanta have been brought to Rama's notice. Somebody said the other day that if this be the Philosophy of the Hindus, then we can very easily see the causes of India's political fall. Another man told Rama that if the teachings of the Hindus, viz. Vedanta, this philosophy, this religion, be the most sublime religion and philosophy in the world, how is it that India is so benighted and all the Christian lands so prosperous?

Rama is not going to answer these questions at this time, because if these questions were taken up, then the subject that was promised would have to be

dropped. But these questions will be taken up in some succeeding lectures, and will be answered in such a way that all the people will be astounded. The people that think that Vedanta is the cause of India's downfall, will be simply surprised to hear the answers. There is no time to enter into these questions at this time. Rama simply requests all those who happen to hear anything of the teachings, not to be impatient, not to jump at conclusions at once. Rama wants them to have a little patience and hear the speaker through.

In the Alkoran, the Bible of the Mohammedans, there is a passage which runs like this : "Give ye yourselves up to unrighteous and vice, devote your lives to drinking and sensuality, and you are working your own ruin ; you will then work your own ruin." A Mohammedan gentleman was seen drinking wine and running after the pleasures of the flesh, enjoying carnal desires. A Mohammedan priest came up to him and admonishing him, told him not to do so, because he was infringing

the rules laid down by their prophet ; and then this man, this drunkard, at once recited the first part of the verse in the Alkoran and said :—"Look here. The Alkoran says, 'drink ye and make merry and give ye yourselves up to sensuality.' Here is the exact reading in the Alkoran, our Scriptures, our Bible. The Alkoran, the Scriptures enjoined drinking and sensuality, Why should they not?"

Then the priest said, "Brother, brother, what are you going to do? Read the succeeding part also, 'ye shall work your own ruin.' (This was the second part of the verse). Read the second part too." The drunkard replied, "There is not a man on the face of the earth who could put into practice the whole of the Alkoran. Let me put into practice this part. Nobody is expected or supposed to put into practice all the teachings in the Bible. Some can put into practice only a small fraction, and some a larger fraction ; that is all. The whole of it nobody puts into practice, so why do you expect me to put into practice

the whole of the verse ? Let me enjoy the first part of the verse."

So Rama simply requests that the logic or philosophy of that Mohammedan drunkard ought not to be employed ; the whole of the verse should be read, then the conclusion be drawn, not before that.

At one time Rama had a gold watch ; among the trinkets attached to the chain there was a toy watch, really a compass. It did not go, but by adjusting needle in a certain way, it could strike *one*. Always one o'clock, no room for duality. That *one* you are, stand above time, space, and causation ; all these are ruled by you, not you by them—they are the servants of your imagination—two and three are unreal—the *one* is free from the bondage of time.

Q.—Can a married man aspire to realization ?

In answer to a suggestion that this be put aside and Rama's chosen subject followed instead. Rama says that every subject is Rama's. This, if taken up thoroughly, will do you much good—but it is startling,

you must hear it all. Perhaps it may look strange to the people of this country. But Rama does not care for this, he respects only you.

The Vedanta says in reply to this question, "Certainly, medicine is offered to the sick, and not to the one who is well."

Those most involved in the world and its dangers need it most of all. An unmarried man cannot so easily realize as one who is married and leads a family life in the right way; but in a careless way he cannot realize and is dragged down. The neglect of knowledge of the true connection between man and wife leads to much misery. Why should a subject so important and close to the heart be avoided? One aspect of this question—preparation for marriage—will not at present be taken up; this is a great subject and will be dealt in a later lecture.

After Rama's marriage, he and his wife lived single lives for two years, a fact, not mere talk.

Marriage is not detrimental, only the

weakness that may be allowed to rule in it ; that is harmful indeed ; lowering elements, —fear, attachment to objects, form, strengthening the idea, "I am the body, my companion is body," craving, grasping sense of possession. *If* this be the way in which matrimonial relations are observed, then a man can never realize.

Penelope, weaving and unweaving, how can her work be ever finished ? How can that man progress who constantly undoes all that he has gained ? Vedanta says fearlessly that you must be inspired with strength, saturated with higher love, raised from the humiliation and abasement of what is falsely called love,—rise above body-consciousness. This is the weaving process. When you see only the body in husband or wife, all is undone ! How can you progress ? Does it follow that people should not marry ? No, but the use of marriage should be different. Grasp the teaching of Vedanta. Make marriage a means of raising yourself, it becomes a great help then. The stumbling-block becomes a

stepping-stone. When marriage is slavery to passion, each time you are satisfied, thralldom is intensified, you sink lower and lower.

Prophets speak against woman,—say, “she is a door to hell.” Rama differs. A man walking in the street, (a bottle of wine protruding from his pocket), meets a priest, asks the way to the jail, wishes to visit it, as Rama did last week. The priest has a stick in the hand, and with it he touches the bottle. “Brother, this is the shortest way,—it will surely guide you there.” Thus is woman spoken of. The world is a jail—modern marriage surely leads you there. If man and woman are to cause each other's downfall, why did the same God, who wrote the Bible, write such a Bible in the hearts of man to seek woman? A contradiction. There is a secret meaning in this tie. It is ignorance which makes it a means of perdition. That is solely to be blamed, not the marriage relation. How to remove it, is the question. Here is a cipher—zero (illustration given). If the zero

is placed on the right side of a decimal point, its value decreases,—if on the left, it increases. Zero has no value except in its relation or position. So your position in this matter determines the value of relation, not from itself, only your own attitude.

Why does a man take pleasure in his wife? This must be investigated, or the difficulty cannot be solved. It is this pleasure which makes slaves of men. The Trojan War exemplifies it. This is what makes one girl a heroine and another not. It is false to say that this pleasure comes from the woman herself. We must understand the fallacy in that. There is no pleasure in her or in the body.

If all pleasure be centred in the object of Love, then wife and husband would be always a source of happiness to each other. But this we know is not true. After you have reaped your pleasure, in what state are you? Conscious of no more pleasure. When you are impotent, is she a source of pleasure? When your companion is diseased, when she is unfaithful, when

you are ill, no pleasure resides in her. Here you have two separate entities—duality. When these are absent, there is perfect unity not only of body but also of mind and soul. Then comes a state which cannot be described. Body is no body, world is no world; union, heaven, freedom, fearlessness, because no duality—identity, oneness exist. Annihilation of world and body, utterly destroyed! An illusion no longer in existence. I am not the body, nor is she: above body, mind, world, Paradise regained, the goal reached, no state or condition! That implies always that there is something else present. Vedanta says that you are then Power and Bliss, your true Atman, That you are,—an astounding statement! When positive and negative form a perfect circle, then light comes as in an electric lamp, when turned on fully. In your bodies alone dynamo differentiates; electric circuit is completed, the poles come together—and the normal or original state is restored! Bliss, fearlessness, creative power, God present!—that is original right

Self, and then we can say, "This man is Son of God." When husband and wife are merged into fundamental principle, all melts into it, the whole world disappears, —eaten up by Atman, all castes, colours, creeds are like rice, of which death is the seasoning, Atman eats it up, for Atman is the creative power.

On the other side, we see, according to Vedanta, the ignorant man, not knowing, falls in love with outward appearance, unreal objects, causes Atman to be disregarded and exterior signs only are thought of.

A man in a wood sees a book lying on the ground; lightning comes; he ignorantly thinks that the book has caused the lightning, cannot be persuaded otherwise, sees these two things together, and thinks one causes the other, being associated in his mind. So a man finds happiness in the union which is really not caused by man or woman, but by the reality of God.

What use you make of this fact? You must realize then and there that when the mind is taken off matter and sensuality,

and thinks only of happiness, which is a force, a power, the true Self, there is no need to descend into the lower mind which disappears,—this Divine Principle it is, which is the Sun, the Moon, the Power, the Infinite, beyond causation, time, space, an ocean in which all objects are like waves, ripples, eddies,—forms of real, basic, fundamental principle—your bodies are these ripples and waves, the only cause of differentiation is form. A child looking at a river, says "Brother, see, here is a breaker coming !" Here is water already, but prominence is given to phenomenon. "I'll show you a breaker, not a river !" Just so here, one indivisible God ! sun, moon, bodies and ripples ring in the ocean of mentality—*meum* and *tuum*—so does man bring in plurality, comes into 'phenomena, bodies collide, ripples counteract one another. If pleasure is only to come through the colliding of objects, then it is a mistake ; but it is the presence of Atman, water, which manifests when waves break. The Vedantin wishes to teach the child what gold is, shows him a

ring and says, "This is gold." The child says, "Is roundness gold?" No. "Is colour gold?" No. "Smoothness?" "Weight?" No, No. How can an idea be given? Another object, also of gold, is shown, the idea is at last extracted,—he realizes it. Identify the attributes and work them into life.

Birbal asked the King if the blind or men with sight were in majority. There was argument, and it was decided to put it to the proof. The King thought the minority to be blind. So he came as a proof with a piece of cloth, and winding it round his head he asked, "What is this?" "A turban," was answer. He Put it on his shoulder and asked the people, "What is this?" "Shawl," was the reply. The third time he wore it as a loin cloth, and they called it as such. "Blind, blind all! it is none of these, but cloth,—by names and forms is cloth concealed "

Realize what Atman is—to *see* gold you need not break it. When you think of man, women, eddies, breakers, cloth and gold,

you do not think of the reality behind.

Do not say that marriage is opposed to religion. See what the real state of happiness is, what the real Self is, as a man aspiring to realization meditates upon true Bliss, Reality, or Fundamental Principle. When you lose consciousness of identity with the real Self, meditate, eradicate the cause of bondage, and thus sink into Reality.

OM—That I am—verify. “Is that my *real* nature ?” “Am I that ?” If I am that the world is only a ripple ; why should I hanker after it ? In body consciousness, lust, desire, argue with yourself, the Fundamental Principle. From plexus the will-current thus rises higher and higher, the pressure soaring through brain still ascends. Passion abates by natural process,—every thing conquered abates. Why ? Because in the blazing sun does no electric light appear. In the darkness only does it shine forth and give light. Being led gradually into bright sunshine,—sensual pleasure, like a lamp, sheds no beam. It is unnatural to abuse and denounce. You cannot crush this save by

rising above it,—make use of the means and rise, Brother !

The world itself is a miracle. There is no need of other miracles. Fear the cause of all sin which is only removed by knowing Atman. Realize purity and become pure. It is unnatural to teach any other religion.

“Do come or do not come,
You are in Me.

Stay near, or stay far, wherever you be ;
In Me you are, in Me you move,

Nay Me is Thee,
Dissolve in Me, and be the Blissful Sea.

Giver and not seeker—
Partaker of my nature, and be happy.”

The logical, scientific, natural method practised in India is that the wife helps and does not hinder the husband.

After Rama had realized, he lived the family life two years more. His wife was told about Vedanta and she brought flowers, lights and became absorbed in Self. She kneels and worships, then looks at Rama until his body becomes to her an emblem, chants Om, thinks Atman in Rama, and in

herself sees God, sends forth these thoughts, each sees God in the other, thus mutually they help each other, and obtain realization. Rama helped to raise her. This continued for some time, then they passed months together, no idea of lower thoughts came to them, passion was conquered ; there was mutual understanding ; both were free. All idea of husband and wife was lost, there was no bondage. She did not consider him as her husband, nor he, her as wife,

Domestic troubles are caused by narrowness of ideas and of possession. It is then that interests clash and marriage hindrances arise. Understand Vedanta and be free ! There are no ties but nominal ones. Every one is meant to be free. Allow your children to be absolutely free. That never spoils a man. The whole world is a heaven, and God will never be deceived.

OM ! OM !! OM !!!

WISDOM Vs. KNOWLEDGE

(AN ARTICLE SENT FROM AMERICA FOR THE
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“Whoever walks a furlong without sympathy; walks to his own funeral drest in his shroud.”

Wisdom and learning are not identical. They are not always on speaking terms. Learning looks backward to the past. Wisdom looks forward to the future.

Wisdom has been defined as knowing what one ought to do next. Virtue is doing it.

Wisdom—without virtue is a weariness of the flesh. But as volition passes out into action, and science into art, knowledge into power, so does wisdom into virtue. And where thought does not go over into action and precept into practice there results mental dyspepsia or spritual constipation.

Says an American humorous writer :—

“I’ve thought and thought on men and things,

As my uncle used to say,

If the folks don't work as they pray, by links,

Why, there ain't no use to pray.

If you want something and just dead set,

A pleading for it with both eyes wet,

And tears won't bring it; why, you try, sweat.

As my uncle used to say."

The power of safe and accurate response to external conditions is the essential feature of sanity. The inability to adopt action to need is a character of insanity. "Change or Perish" is the grim watchword of Nature. Keep pace with the advancing times and you can survive in the Struggle of Life. (India, take note.)

The spirit of all practical wisdom is pointed out concisely in the simple and saving advice of Krishna. "Thy business is with the Action only; never with the reward or merit accruing from it; let not the fruit of action entangle thee; nor be thou the slave of inaction."

"And live in action ! Labour ! Make thine acts

Thy piety, casting all self aside,

Contemning gain and merit ; equitable

In good or evil , equability
Is *yoga*, is piety !”

Be in the struggle ; That is your duty.
A true hero loves engagement (Action) as
ever a lover wooed his sweetheart. In case
of death in the field you bring glory to
heaven or Truth (*i. e.*, advance the cause of
Evolution and Cosmic Progress by letting
the *fittest survive*), and in case of victory also
you let the real Power, Truth (*Sat*) shine
through you. In reality you are the truth
that conquers and not this body or that
which is consumed in the strife. You are
ever victorious. As Truth's self shine,
shine forth as energy of Life.

“Either—being killed—

Thou wilt win heaven's safety, or—alive
And victor—thou wilt reign an earthly king.

Therefore, arise thou son of Truth !brace
Thine arm for conflict, nerve thy heart to meet—
As things alike to thee—pleasure or pain,
Profit or ruin, victory or defeat.

So minded gird thee to the fight, for so thou
shalt not sin.”

The true gauge of success being
spiritual-growth, and not outward gain or
loss, defeat is as glorious as victory.

*"Shah swar-i-khush ba maidan amadi goye
bizan."*

O happy knight, you happen to be on
the playground (world,) hit on ! hit on !

A man's strength of character bears a
direct proportion to the extent of trials he
has undergone.

"Then welcome each rebuff

That turns earth's smoothness rough.

Each sting that bids not sit, nor stand, but go !

Be our joys three parts pain !

Strive and hold cheap the strain ;

Learn, nor account the pang ; dare, never grudge
the throe.

For thence a paradox.

Which comforts, while it mocks,

Small life succeed in that it seems to fail."

VIRTUOUS SPIRIT.

Waiving all conventionality and superficial mode of talk, and appealing directly to the facts of innermost experience, we see that all wise counsels, rules of conduct, authoritative obligation, categorical imperatives, "Thou shalt not" and "Thou shalt" are only vain efforts to infuse life into one who is not firmly rooted in his own Godhead

whether consciously or unconsciously; and these are out-side electric charges which can at best but move this muscle or that of the dead carcase, being never capable of inspiring more than a sham life.

"That which is forced is never forcible."

Unless Love build the house, they labour in vain, who build it.

It is true that the "miracles of genius" were always "miracles of labor," but what seems painful labor from the standpoint of others was always a most enjoyable play in the eyes of genius herself.

That lifeless, insipid work which I (personal ego) have to labor out, I better leave alone. If the work does not do itself through you as an efflux of the soul, your strained exertion furnishes but a poor excuse for doing it. Such dull prosaic work dragged along by the credit-hunting small illusory self (egoistic consciousness) is described by Shankar as the twin of bondage (slavery).

A boy was merrily whistling in the streets, a policeman objected. The boy

replies :—"Do I whistle ? No, Sir, it whistles itself."

Let a nightingale or dove be perched on the top of a stately cypress and full delicious *notes begin instantaneously* to flow from the bird. Let the little self be flung into Infinity. May you wake up to your oneness with Life, Light and Love (Sat-Chit-Anand) and immediately the Central Bliss will commence springing forth from you in the shape of happy heroic work and both wisdom and virtue. This is inspired life, this is your birth-right.

"From himself he flies
Stands in the sun, and with no partial gaze
Views all creation ; and he *loves* it all
And blesses it, and calls it very good."

"It is *difficult* to find happiness in one-self," says Schopenhaur, "but it is *impossible* to find it anywhere else."

All great work is done *impersonally*, in spite of the prudent little self and not by it. The Sun simply shines in His native glory as a disinterested witness—Light, (Sakshi) and lo ! the rivers are unlocked from their snowy cradles, the breezes begin to dance

with glee, all Nature is set in activity, animals wake up, plants grow on, violets and roses blow on, and even the sparkling flowers of men, women and children's eyes open up at the mere presence of the Sun's glorious majesty.

You have simply to shine as the Soul of All, as the Source of Light, as the Spring of Delight, O Blessed One, and energy, life, activity will naturally begin to radiate from you. The flower blooms and lo ! fragrance begins to emanate of itself,

If anybody not knowing the art of swimming perchance fall in a lake he will naturally be buoyed up by the water, but the losing of calm and his desperate struggling with the hands and feet makes him sink helplessly. So, the care and anxiety-worn struggling little ego, is the drowning sink for man. Says Jalal-i-Rumi :

‘Heavenly manna was showered daily to the Israelites in the forest, but Some graceless scoffers out of Moses' host
Dared to demand the onions,
And manna was lost.”

What aches the head, bends the back, or chokes the chest? It is walking on the head instead of on the feet. Let your feet be on the *earth*, and your head in air (filled with heavenly joy ; invert not the divine ordinance, put not the earth on your head and call it sane living, take not the appearances more seriously than the divine (real) Self.

They say a man threading the forest in search of mushrooms tramples down oak trees under his feet. Beloved, why should your attention be dead set on petty gains and losses so as to miss the Infinite bliss (Atman)? Is it the responsibility-ridden, duty-stricken, honour-laden (false) ego that really effects any deed? A fly on the flanks of a horse might just as well claim that *it* makes the horse run and drives the carriage.

Obtrude not the little I (ahankāra) in the way of the effulgent outburst of ecstatic Truth. Trust, Trust that power, The true Self, whose presence caused the poor little ameaba unconsciously to evolve up to your

human form divine. Law is still present ;
and that God being neither asleep nor dead
there is no fear of fall.

Like birds that slumber on the sea

Unconscious where the current runs

We rest on God's Infinity

Of bliss that circles stars and Suns.

Trouble and pain is another name for
feeling yourself a prisener and slave of
conditions and circumstances. Shake off
all atheistic delusions of isolation. If the
ruling Self of outside Nature were different
from your own inner Self, there were no
other course left for you but to hang down
the head and be damned. But, as it is,
thou appearest on the one hand as garri-
soned by environments and on the other
hand thou appearst as those environments
and conditions. The looking glass is in Me
(in my hand) and I am in the looking glass.

I heard a knock—a hard, hard blow—

On my door and cried I : "Who is it ? Ho !"

I wondering waited entranced, and lo !

How soft and sweet Love whispered low,

"Tis thou that knockest, do you not know ?"

According to the true interpretation of Musalman Scriptures even the Archangel was hurled into perdition by refusing to recognise the Supreme (God) in man (*Cf. Alastu Qalubala, &c.*), and even the rankest sinner inherits Heaven through realizing God (*Ahd*) in man (*Ahmad*.)

This practical, living perception of "my Self as the Self of all others" is the true saving Islam (*Shardha, Faith*). To call it mere belief is doing no justice to it ; It is the "*Ultimate Science*" (or *Vedant jnanam*) ; It is the art of arts. It is the Law of Laws.

What is the final test of truth ? We can trust our life to it. And yes, you can safely trust your life and all to the fact underlying all phenomena : "I and my Father are one," "That Thou art," (*Tat tvam-asi*).

The Law of gravity might even deceive your trust in it, but the Law of Spiritual Unity never deceives. Just *feel* this unity and you find all creation behaving as your own body. Gold and Silver cannot *insure* your life, O deluded immortal ; Thou it is

that lends life to *Prana*, lusture to gold and silver and light to the Sun and Stars.

People do not make rapid progress because the load of outside opinions, conventionality and things sitting like the mighty Himalayas on their back (nay, breast) does hardly let a single step be advanced. Free yourself of unhealthy superstition or limitation. In your mind must be a liquid which will dissolve the world whenever it is dropt in it. The universal solvent of *Jnanam* (self-knowledge) will hold the universe in solution and yet be as translucent as ever. Provided you think aright, the Heavens falling or the Earth gaping, will be music to you to march by. No foe can ever see you or you, him. You cannot so much as even *think* of him.

In music the different notes may succeed and precede each other in regular sequence (as cause and effect)? ; the symphony is not understood by examination and comparison of the notes alone but by experience of their relation to the deepest feeling which inspired the piece, which

sustains the piece, which is the origin of the piece and the result of its performance, the *alpha* and *omega*.

So is not Nature explained by dwelling on its surface—laws—laws and superficial causation but by “its *becoming* the body of Man.” Unless you *feel* all, you know not all. Diving into the reality sounding below the names and forms, passing free, free into woods and fields, mountains and rivers, into day and night, clouds and stars, passing free, free into men and women, animals and angels, as the self of each and all—This, this is life, this is Self-Knowledge, this is Practical Wisdom.

The whole world is bound to co-work with one who feels himself one with the whole world.

Jnana (Fundamental Truth, “That thou art”) being realized on the *Causal* plane or penetrating the core of the heart becomes overwhelming love, universal oneness, feeling and living ecstasy which like the effulgent Sun although it asks nothing, begs no reward, seeks no fruit (being perfect

renunciation on the *mental* plane) yet must spontaneously pour itself out as wonderful energy and powerful action on the *physical* plane.

Hence, realized Jnana—Renunciation in Action through Love !

Within the temple of my heart

The light of love its glory sheds.

Despite the seeming prickly thorns

The Flower of Love free fragrance spreads.

Perennial springs of bubbling joy

With radiant sparkling splendour flow.

Intoxicating melodies

On wings of heavenly zephyrs blow.

Yea, ! Peace and bliss and harmony—

Bliss, oh how divine !

A flood of rolling symphony

Supreme is mine.

Free birds of golden plumage sing

Blithé songs of joy and praise.

Sweet children of the blushing spring

Deep notes of welcome raise.

The roseate hues of nascent morn

The meadows, lakes and hills adorn.

The nimbus of perpetual grace

Cool showers of nectar softly rains.

The rainbow arch of charming colours
With smiles the vast horizon paints

The tiny pearls of dewdrops bright
Lo ! in their hearts the Sun contain.

O Joy ! the Sun of love and light,
The never-setting Sun of life

Am I, am I
That darling dear

Came near and near—
Smiling, glancing,

Singing and dancing.
I bowed with sigh

He didn't reply.
I prayed and knelt

He went and left.
"Why cut me so ?

Pray stay, don't go."
He answered slow ;

"No, no."
I entreated hard

"Pray, sit by me, Lord."
He answered ;

"Wouldst thou sit by me ?
Then do please sit by thee."

I :—Do unto me speak
He :—"Enter the inner silence deep."

I :—"I would clasp thee and kiss,

Dear, grant me but this."

He :—"Wilt thou clasp thyself and kiss.

I am one with thee, why miss ?"

My form divine

I an image of thine.

Why seek the form

O source of charm ?

With thee I lie

You outward fly.

Don't slight me

Nor outward go.

I have no scruple of change, nor fear of death.

Nor was I ever born

Nor had I parents.

I am Existence Absolute, Knowledge

Absolute, Bliss Absolute.

I am That, I am That.

I cause no misery, nor am I miserable.

I have no enemy, nor am I enemy.

I am Existence Absolute, Knowledge Absolute,

Bliss Absolute,.

I am That, I am That.

I am without form, without limit.

Beyond space, beyond time,

I am in every thing, every thing is in me,

I am the bliss of the universe.

Everywhere am I.

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I am Existence Absolute, Knowledge Absolute,
Bliss Absolute.

I am That, I am That.

I am without body or changes of the body.

I am neither senses, nor object of the senses.

I am Existence Absolute, Knowledge Absolute,
Bliss Absolute.

I am That, I am That.

I am That, I am That.

I am neither sin nor worship,

Nor temple, nor virtue,

Nor pilgrimage, nor books.

I am Existence Absolute, Knowledge Absolute,
Bliss Absolute.

I am That I am That.

LETTERS
FROM
SWAMI RAMA

LETTERS FROM THE HIMALAYAS.

(A) HIMALAYAN SCENES

No. I.

GANGOTRI.

September, 1901.

The holy Ganges could not bear Rama's separation. She succeeded at last in drawing him to herself after a little more than a month's absence. Notwithstanding all her Jnana (ज्ञान, culture), she began to rain sweet tears of joy on meeting him. Who can describe the nascent beauty and playful freaks of the dear Ganges at Gangotri? Very praiseworthy is the upright character of her playmates, *viz*, the white mountains and innocent Deodar trees. The latter in their tall stature vie with the Persian poet's lady love, while their balmy breath invigorates, exhilarates and elevates.

Here how well can one see that "God sleeps in the stone, breathes in the plant, moves about in the animal, and wakes up to consciousness in man".

Pilgrims, after leaving Jamnotri, usually reach Gangotri in not less than ten

days. In three days, after leaving Jamnotri, did Rama arrive at Gangotri. He came by a route as yet untrod by an inhabitant of the plains. This route is called the Chhayan Route by mountaineers. Three successive nights were passed in lonely forest caves. We came across no hamlet or hut. No biped was visible throughout the journey.

The Chhayan Route is so called because almost all the year round it is covered with shade. The shade of trees, did I say? No, not at all. What business have trees to make their appearance on such dizzy heights and in a chill climate like that? The route is for the most part enveloped by clouds. Shepherds of villages near Jamnotri and Gangotri, while tending their flocks, every year spend two or three months in forests. They happen to meet near the snow-clad peaks, called Bandar Punch and Hanuman Mukh, which connect the sources of the two far-famed sister rivers. Thus the route was discovered. Exuberant flowers make almost the whole

of the way a veritable field of cloth of gold. Yellow, blue, and purple flowers are met with in wild plenty. Lots of lilies, violets, daisies, and tulips of different varieties; Guggal, Dhoop, Mamira, Mitha Telia, Salab misri and other herbs with leaves of lovely tints; saffron, Itrasoo and other plants exhaling exceedingly sweet scent; Bher Gadda and lordly Brahma Kanwal with its calyx filled with fine icicles of frost; all these make these mountains a pleasure garden worthy of the Lord of Earth and Heaven.

"O colour, colour, love's last opulence !
 Thy universal language doth enshrine
 The mystery of all magnificence,
 A supernatural ministry is thine,
 These larger forms of speech doth God employ
 To shadow forth His own unshadowed joy."

गोल चन्द का जोवन (यौवन) फूट फूट कर बाहर निकल रहा है

Gol Chand ka joban phoot phoot kar bahar nikal raha hai (Beauty is breaking forth everywhere). Zephyrs play freely all around, kissing all they meet, but particularly kissing the brightest hued flowers. At places the pulses of fragrance that come

and go on the airy undulations affected Rama like sweet music. Here one will find present in rich abundance wind wafted odour which is sweet and soft; sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet, and soft as their parting tears. Such fair fields on the tops of these giant mountains are stretched like decorated carpets. Do they serve gods as dining tables or dancing grounds? Murmuring streams and rivers thundering over precipices are not missing in these fairy scenes. On certain summits, vision enjoys perfect freedom, unimpeded it travels far and wide on all sides, no hills to stand in its way, no angry clouds to mar its course. Some of the grand peaks in their zeal to pierce the sky and cleave the cloud-land have, it seems, altogether forgotten to stop and appear to melt into highest heavens.

While dealing with the awe-inspiring grandeur of the haughty mountains, let us not leave unnoticed the trembling splendour of the gem-like morning dew which enhanced not a little the attractiveness of

the way. How well is man's mind (जीव) shown in emblem by the tiny transient dew drop upon the lotus leaf! Tiny, transient, ah! yet how pure and sparkling, reflecting the Sun of Righteousness, (आत्मन) the infinite source of light, in its bosom. O man, art thou the wee little drop or the Infinite Sun? Indeed, the Light of lights thou art, and not the puny drop. All the Vedas and Rama declare with an emphasis not to be mistaken that it is Thy refulgent glory that lends life and lustre to such fairy lands. Above below, and every where Thy resplendent presence shines. Thou art that power "which does not respect quantity, which makes the whole and the particle its equal channel." It is Thou that delegatest to the morning its smile and to the rose its blush.

Traced in the midnight planets' blaze,
 Or glistening in the morning dew,
 Whate'er is beautiful or fair,
 Is but Thine own reflection there.
 Thine is the starry moon of night,
 The twilight eve—the dewy morn ;
 Whate'er is beautiful and bright
 Thine hands have fashioned to adorn.

Thy glory walks in every sphere
 And all things whisper, "God is here."

Young Krishna (Gol Chand) had the knack of besmearing the muzzles of calves and goats with a small remnant of butter after stealthily eating to his entire satisfaction the butter of Gopikas. The poor animals. The poor animals were slapped and abused by the ignorant house-wives; whereas the dear little innocent thief escaped scot-free. It is the soul of all souls that if carrying matters in his own way, in reality that sorcerer Rama is bringing everything to pass; but through his strange Maya he gets the false ego (*ahankar*) involved in responsibility. Call that butter-eating Krishna innocent, call him naughty, you are the same, reader. Whether juggler or magician, Rama is your true Self. Whatever exists, exists in you, you maintain each and all. Not imprisoned in the isolated pale island of a small body you are. Never, never is the criminal *ahankar* (false ego) your Atman. You are not the poor insignificant drop (जीव), you are the mighty ocean.

No. II

THE PRESENT Dwelling

of Rama (*for the eye enamoured of external form*) is a snug cottage, in the Mountain Amphitheatre, surrounded by a green-sward in a lonely natural garden commanding a fair view of the Ganges. Narayana and Tularam live elsewhere. Ram Buti grows in profusion here, Sparrows and other birds twitter heartily all the day long. Climate bracing. The song of the Ganges and the chorus of birds keep up a celestial festival all the time. Here the Ganges Valley is very broad. Gangi flows in a vast *maidan*, so to speak. The current, however, is very swift. Still it has several times been waded across by Rama. Kedar and Badri have often enough most affectionately invited Rama Badshah. But dear Gangi, at the very thought of separation, feels sorrowful and crestfallen, and Rama does not like to displease her and see her dejected.

No. III

SUMEROO VISITED.

While living in the Jamnotri Cave, Rama's daily food was Marcha and potatoes once in twenty-four hours. This brought on indigestion. About seven motions every day for three successive days. On the fourth day of ill-health, early in the morning, after bathing in the hot springs, he started on his trip to Sumeroo, wearing no clothes except a Kaupin (a rag round the loins), no shoes, no head-dress, no umbrella. Five strong mountaineers, having warm clothes on, accompany him. Narayana and Tularam sent back down to Gharsali.

To begin with, we had to cross the infant Jumna three or four times. Then the Jumna Valley was found blocked up by enormous avalanche about forty-five yards in height and one furlong and a half in length. Steep mountains like two vertical walls stood proudly on both sides. Have they conspired to deter Rama Badshah from advancing further? Never mind! All

obstructions must disappear before a strong adamantine will. We began to climb the western mountain-wall. Now and again we could get absolutely no foot-hold and had to support our bodies partly by catching hold of the twigs of fragrant but thorny rose bushes, and partly by entangling our toes in the tender blades of the soft mountain grass called Cha. At times we were within an inch of sure death. A deep abyss with the cold bed of snow filling the Jumna Valley was as a grave wide agape just ready to give too hospitable a reception to any one of the party whose foot might tremble ever so little. From beneath the slow, faint, murmuring sound of the Jumna was still reaching our ears like the death dirge of muffled drums. Thus we had to move along in the jaws of Death, as it were, for three quarters of an hour. Strange situation indeed, Death staring us in the face on one side, and air redolent with sweet scent refreshing and animating on the other. By this circuitous, dangerous enterprise, we reached at last

beyond the awful avalanche. Here the Jumna left. The party ascended a steep mountain. There was no road, no foot-path, nothing of the kind. A thick dense forest was passed where we could not see the wood of the trees. Rama's body received several scratches. After a little more than an hour's struggle in this forest of oak and birch trees we reached open ground covered all over with smaller growth. The atmosphere was charged, rather satiated with delicious odours. The ascent put all the mountaineers out of breath. Even Rama felt it to be good exercise. Inclines of 80° and even more had to be scaled. The ground was for the most part slippery. But all around the stately vistas and charming flowerage and teeming foliage beguiled the hard journey. European gardeners, in general, get seeds of flowers from places like these to decorate Indian Company Gardens, where the ignorant English speaking young men called them English flowers. But the remarkable peculiarity of most of these flowers is that when planted

elsewhere they yield no fragrance, although they retain their original colour.

Young men, puffed up with European education, while reading the re-echoes of the Vedanta through the writings of European Professors, become fond admirers of what they deem to be Western thought, not knowing that the flowers of thought they have taken a fancy for, have been transplanted from their own motherland with this remarkable difference that in the hands of European teachers the wonderful flowers have lost their sweet fragrance of renunciation (वैराग्य). Vedanta, as presented by Europeans, keeps the form and colour of philosophy, but loses the delicious scent of realization.

अक्सै गुल में रंग है गुल का, व लेकिन बु नहीं ।

Aks-i-gul men rang hai gul ka, wa lekin bu nahin.

What about the health of Rama who had been ailing? He was all right that day, no disease, no fatigue, no complaint of any kind. No mountaineer could go ahead of him. We went on climbing and climbing till every one of the party felt very

hungry. By this time we had reached a region where it never rains but snow falls in gracious bounty.

There was no trace of vegetation of any kind on these bald, bleak heights. There had been a fresh snowfall before our arrival.

A red blanket was spread on a big slab of stone as a carpet for Rama. Potatoes that had been boiled the night before were given him to eat. The companions took there stale simple food most thankfully.

Lumps of light and brilliant snow served as (dry solid) water as well as luxury. Just after finishing the meals we were up again. Moving steadily onward and upward we toiled on. One young man fell down exhausted, his lungs and limbs refused to carry him any further; he complained also of giddiness of head. He was left alone there at that time. Proceeding a little further, another companion was senseless. "My head," he said, "reels and reels." He also was left to himself for the time being. The rest marched on. After

short while a third companion fell off. His nose began to bleed. With two men now Rama presses on.

Three beautiful Barars (mountain stags) were seen most excellently flitting past.

A fourth companion lags behind, and at last lies down on snow-covered stones. No fluid water was visible round about, but a deep gurgling sound was audible from under the stones where the man lay. One Brahman still accompanies Rama, carrying the aforementioned red blanket, a telescope, a pair of green glasses, and a hatchet. Air became very thin to breathe. Strange enough, two Garurs flew over our heads here. A tedious slope of old, old snow of dark bluish colour, had to be mounted. The companion began to cut steps in the slippery snow in order to make it possible to plant our feet thereon. But the ancient glacier was so rigid that the poor man's hatchet broke down. Then and there we were overtaken by a snow storm. The man's heavy heart was cheered up by Rama

with the assurance that Providence wanted to do more good than harm, through the snowfall. And so it proved. The threatening snowfall made it easier for us to trudge along. With the aid of pointed Alpine sticks we mounted the slope, and lo! there lay before us fair, flat, extensive fields of dazzling snow, miles upon miles in width. A resplendent floor of silver snow shining all around. Joy! Joy! Is it not an ocean radiant milk, splendid, sublime, wonderful, and wonderful? Rama's joy knew no bounds. He ran on at his full speed on the glaciers at this time putting on his shoulder the red blanket and wearing canvas shoes.

There is no one in his company now, *akhir ke tain hans akela hi sidhara* (आखिर के तई हंस अकेला ही सिधारा)

For nearly three miles he walked over the snows. Sometimes the legs got immersed and were drawn out not without struggle. At last on a snowy mound, the red blanket was spread. Rama sits on it, all alone, above the noises and turmoils of the world, beyond the fumes and furies of the multi-

tude. Perfect silence reigns here. What a *shanti* prevails. No sounds of any kind audible except the *anand gharghor*. (आनन्द गगनघोर) Most blessed serene solitude !

The veil of cloud became a little less thick. The rays of the sun sifted through the thin cloud fell on the scene and immediately turned the silver snows into burning gold. Very appropriately has this place been called Sumeroo, or the *Mountain of Gold*.

O ye men of the world ! mark it, no purple bloom on a lady's cheek, no bright jewellery or fine ornaments, no superb mansions can ever possess an iota of the transcendent enchantment and fascination of this Sumeroo. And numberless Sumeroos like this you will find within you when once you realize your own real Self. All Nature shall do you homage "from cloud to cloud, from the blue sky to the green earth, all living creatures therein included from the eagle to the mole." No god shall dare disobey.

Clear up, O sky ! Disperse, ye clouds of

ignorance that overhang India ! No more shall ye hover over this blessed land. O Himalayan snows, your Master orders you to keep fast to your purity and faithfulness to Truth (Light). Never shall ye send waters impregnated with dualism to the plains.

The clouds are rent asunder. The snows all assume ochre-coloured appearance. Have the mountains embraced Sannyas (संन्यास) ? They have certainly put on Rama's livery, what a phenomenon. The mountain-snows look up to Rama in submissive willingness to run his errands.

ओ३म्

Hip Hip Hurrah ! Hip Hip Hurrah !

The rounded world is fair to see,

Nine times folded in mystey :

Though baffled seers cannot impart

The secret of its labouring heart.

Throb time with Nature's throbbing breast,

And all is clear from east to west.

"Well," says the American sage, Nature is the incarnation of a thought and turns to a thought again as ice becomes water and gas. The world is mind precipitated and the volatile essence is for ever escaping

again into the state of free thought. Hence this virtue and pungency of the influence on the mind of natural objects whether inorganic or organised. Man imprisoned, man crystallised, man vegetative, speaks to man imprisoned.

Q.—If the world is my *own* idea (mind precipitated), why do not the external objects change at my will ?

A.—Says Gaurapada Acharya : “Mere thought in the dreamland divides itself into *external* objects on the one hand and internal emotions, desires and so forth on the other. Moreover, the internal thought in that state seems to be in one’s control, changeable and comparatively unreal ; whereas the external objects (as in a nightmare) appear to possess comparatively uncontrollable, stable reality of their own.

Now, as a matter of fact, from the point of view of man in the wakeful state, both the real and the unreal, the external and the internal aspects of a dream, are but idea, pure and simple, and they are besides one’s *own* idea, one’s *own* creation.

Again, in the wakeful state, people distinguish between what they call stern constant external objects and the unreal internal thought. But to the man of self-realization the hard objects, no less than the variable thoughts in the long run, become non-entity like a dream, and so long as their appearance lasts, they affect him as his own; even though they cannot be altered at will, yet they are his own ideas. Your intellect cannot give an explanation of the growth of your hair or of the bloom of your face, still you regard the hair and the fair complexion *your own*. Just so, a Jiwan Mukta finding himself to be the Self of all must regard every object his *own*. He is all love. For him even the appearance of the real as well as the ideal is gradually relieved by the One only; without a Second Consciousness.

MAYA

Torch whirling (Mahratti, *jwala*) is not uncommon in certain parts of India. The glowing flame looks now like a broad circle.

of light, now appears to be an unbroken streak of fire, again assumes an elliptical form, goes up, comes down, and manifests many amusing phenomena. Are these phenomena inherent in the flame? Do they come out of the torch or fire-brand? Do they come from without? When the Mahratti is not revolving, do the phenomena enter into it? Or do they go elsewhere? To all these queries one has to answer in the negative. The torch in whirling *motion* exhibits straight and curved lines; when *motion* stops, there is no trace of such appearances in the torch. Even when the torch was in rapid motion, the curves, though visible, were far from being real.

Just so, Absolute consciousness (शुद्ध चैतन्य) like the firebrand at rest has no trace of manifold names and forms (the phenomenal worlds); and even when the variety of names and forms makes an appearance, their appearance is illusory like that of the Mahratti phenomena; Consciousness (चिद्) being always untouched and untained by them. The one indivisible flame (light,

ज्योति) is ever present in all the phenomena, but the phenomena do never exist in the flame (light, ज्योति). Similarly, in all names and forms Rama is ब्रह्म manifest, but in Rama names and forms are evanescent. As the Mahratti phenomena owe their seeming existence to motion, so the multiplicity of names and forms (that make up the world) owe their seeming existence to the Maya Shakti of चैतन्य.

इन्द्रो मायामिः पुरुषरूप ईयते ।

Shakti or power has not any existence of its own. It may be manifested, it may not be manifested. It cannot exist apart. This माया Shakti in the case of the individual is revealed as what may be called Consciousness's motion or activity, *manas* (mind). *Manas* in motion and the phenomenal world being the obverse and reverse of one and the same thing ; *Manas* at rest is identical with Consciousness. The Absolute (Brahma, ब्रह्म) *Manas*, purged of its dross (desires, attachment) loses its fickleness and tends to become steady. Perfect steadiness being attained, *manas* is one with Brahma.

By this *sakshatkar*, Maya is overcome and the world is converted into a Garden of Eden, the Lost Paradise is immediately regained. Beauty breaks in everywhere. The sense of separateness being killed out, all cares and anxieties are merged in the supremely sublime Existence, Consciousness and Bliss for ever and ever.

A young man in the presence of Rama plucked a beautiful rose with a view to enjoy its smell. No sooner did he bring it in contact with his nose than a bee stung him just on the tip of the nose. The man cried with pain, the rose fell from his hand.

Do the petals of every rose enfold a bee? Certainly, there is not a rose of sensual pleasure which has not got the bee of injury concealed in it. Unbridled desires must be punished by inevitable pain.

Ye given to dreadful oblivion, forget not your own Self. Ye need not pluck the gaudy rose, wherever the full blown rose lies there you are, its vermilion or sweet scent is your own. King, his shakes are yours; Beauty, her charms are yours;

diamond or gold, its burning rays are yours. Why entertain vain desires, and what for? Realise your unity with the All, your oneness with God. You are that divine Krishna who danced hand in hand with every one of the hundreds of Gopis at one and the same time. In the sea as well as in the palace, in the garden as well as in the desert, in the battle field or the private chamber you are always equally present.

Rama cries from the tops of the highest mountains: Ye who complain of weakness and poverty, verily ye are Lord Almighty, ye are Rama himself. Imprison not yourselves in your own thought; wake up, wake up, shake off your sleep and this dream of a world. Why grovel in misery and helplessness, when it is no other than your own Self which is all in all? O, rise up to Self-Consciousness, and all sorrows shall vanish, ye are the essence of all happiness, ye are the soul of all joy. Nothing can do you harm. For Rama's sake, know your *Atman*: (आत्मनः) Why delay? Know it, as it, as it ought

to be known. Are ye not hunting after happiness day and night with unremitting zeal and unflagging efforts, but with unfailing failure? Don't make fools of yourselves. Seek not happiness in the objects of the senses. Dupes of senses ! give up your vain search outside. The ocean of immortality is within you. The kingdom of heaven is within you. Ye are the nectar of nectars. Let both the mind and the world be melted down in God-Consciousness. Just abandon your little selves to blessed madness. Ye dear ones, why care so much for the quarantine of a mortal body. Harbour not a single thought within you as to what shall become of this not-self. Banish the superstition of all relations. Let the eyes perish that do not see God. Woe unto the heart that cherishes the disease of desires. Wipe away all ungodliness. Hold fast to your true position. No praise or blame can come up there, no sorrow or petty joy can disturb then. Receive Divinity into the ship and then let all go :—Let go the shore, let go the little self, let go the sail ! Yea, let the

gale of वैराग्य (Divine Love) take the poor flimsy dark cotton sail of this frail human bark and waft it right out on the ocean of God Consciousness. Happy is he who is drowned in heavenly intoxication. Blessed is he who is dead drunk in divine madness. Worshipful is he who is absorbed in deep *Atmananda* and Supreme Bliss, being lost to the world.

OM



OM

Rama.

But thou art the root of things present,
past, and future.

Thou art father and mother ;

Thou art masculine ;

Thou art feminine ;

Hail ! root of the world ;

Hail ! centre of things ;

Unity of Divine numbers.

* * * * *

Thou art what produces,

Thou art what is produced ;

Thou art what enlightens ;

Thou art what is enlightened ;

Thou art what appears,

Thou art what is hidden,

By Thy own brightness.



No. IV

VHSISHTHA ASHRAM.

This evening it stopped raining. The clouds, assuming all sorts of fantastic shapes and different degrees of thickness, have somewhat parted in different directions. Light refracted and reflected from them makes the entire scene a blazing sphere of glory. Then the playful children of heaven put on fascinating colours of all varieties. What painter could paint? What observer could note all the passing shades and hues? Look where you will, the eyes are charmed by the orange, purple, violet and pink colours and their indescribable varieties, while between these the ever welcome blue black ground is out here and there. The effulgent glory brings on ecstasy, and tears of joy appear in Rama's eyes. The clouds dissolve, but leave a permanent message behind. They brought a cup of nectar from the Lord and went back to Him. Such are in fact all attractive objects. They appear, reflect Rama's glory for a second and dissolve. Insane indeed must he be who

falls in love with the passing clouds, and yet folks endeavour to hold fast to the unsteady clouds of seeming things and cry on like children finding them gone. How amusing ! O ! I cannot suppress a laughter.

Others again expend all their time in minutely observing and faithfully noting down the smallest details of transitory changes in clouds (phenomena). O me ! What are these creatures ! There is a flood of glory around them and yet they care not to slake their raging thirst for light. These are what they call scientists and philosophers. Being too busy in splitting the hair, they take no notice of the Glorious Head of the Beloved to which the hair belong. O ! I cannot suppress a laughter. Happy is he, whose vision no clouds of names and forms could obstruct, who could always trace the attracting light to its true source, the Atman, and whose affections reached the goal (God)—not being lost in the way like streams dried up before reaching the sea. The pleasing relations must vanish. They are only postmen. Miss not the Lord's

love-letter they have brought for you. The match stick must soon burn off, but blessed is he who has lighted his lamp permanently therewith. The steam and food supply must ere long be consumed, but fortunate is the boat which before the fatal loss reached the Home—the Harbour. He lives who could make of every object whatever a stepping stone to God, or rather a mirror to see God. The world with all its stars, mountains, rivers, kings and scientists, etc., was made for him. Verily it is so, I tell you the truth.

The fields and landscapes, wherein lies their refreshing charms as contrasted with the sickening smoky streets of cities, by criticism or compliments, they excite not in man the sense of limitation and they drive him not into the corner (*bodyhood*). Man, in their presence, can well occupy the position of a Witness—Light. Inwardly, the vegetable kingdom has as much, and perhaps more, of strife and struggle, and unrest, etc., than the civilised societies; but even their struggles become interesting in

so far as a man among cedars, oaks, and pines easily sees himself not one of them, but can keep himself the Witness-Light (साक्षी) unconcerned. He who can live in busy streets as any body might move in forests, feeling the Self as disinterested Witness-Light, not identifying himself with the body which in this case may be taken as a plant among plants, who could deny that the Universe is a Garden of Eden to him? Such people of God-life are the light of the world. The Light which appears as unconcerned witness is the very life of all that it witnesses.

The river of Life is flowing. None exists but God. Of whom shall I be afraid, of whom ashamed? All life is my God's life, nothing other, He and Me too is He. The whole world is my own Himalayan woods. When light dawns, flowers begin to laugh, birds sing and streams dance with joy! O that Light of light! The sea of Light of lights is flowing! The breeze of Bliss is blowing!

In this beautiful forest, I laugh and sing, clap hands and dance.

Did they jeer ? It was blowing of the breeze. Did they sneer ? It was hissing of the leaves. Shall I be overshadowed by my own life pulsating in the streams, cedars, birds, and breezes ?

I dance, I dance, I laugh and dance.

The stars I raise as dust in dance.

No jealousy, no fear,

I'm the dearest of the dear.

No sin, no sorrow,

No past, no morrow.

No rival, no foe,

No injury, no woe.

No, nothing could harm me,

No, nothing alarm me,

The soul of all

The nectar fall,

The sweetest self,

Yea ! health itself,

The prattling streams.

The happiest dreams,

All myrrh and balm,

Rawan and Ram,

So pure and calm

Is Rama, is Rama.
 The heavens and stars,
 Worlds near and far
 Are hung and strung,
 On the tunes I sung.

No. V

THE TOP OF BASOON—(VASISHTHA ASHARM).

The moon is shining, spreading a sea of silvery peace. The moonlight falls full on Rama's straw bed. The shadows of unusually tall, white rose bushes which grow fearlessly free and wild on this mountain, are checking the moon-lit bed and flickering so playfully as if they were nice little dreams of the placid moonlight that sleeps so tranquilly before Rama.

Sleep, my baby, sleep !

And smile with rosy dreams !

Jamnotri, Gangotri, Sumeroo, Kedar and Badri glaciers stand so close as if one could reach them by hand. In fact, a semicircle of glaring diamond peaks like a jeweller's tiara decorates this Vasishttha Ashram. Their white snowy summits are all taking a bath in the milky ocean of moonlight, and

their deep *Soham* breathings in the form of cool breezes reach here continually.

The snows on this mountain have all melted off, and by this time the vast open field near the top is completely covered with blue, pink, yellow, and white hued flowers, some of them being very fragrant. People are afraid of coming here as they believe this place to be the *Garden of Fairies*. This idea saves this pleasure-garden of the Devas from being haunted by the sacrilegious spoilers of nature's beauty. Rama walks over this flower-land very softly with great caution, lest any tender smiling little flower be injured by ungente tread.

Cuckoos, doves and numerous other winged songsters entertain Rama in the morning, sometimes in the morning a huge dragon comes up near the roof of the cave and entertains Rama with his peculiar Persian wheel like music. The eagles (royal Garuras) soaring high up, touching the dark clouds at noon,—are they not the *Garuras* bearing Vishnu on their back? One night a tiger sprang past Rama.

What a fair colony the blooming forest giants have round the yonder mountain pond ! What bond unites them ? It is no connection with each other, no personal relationships. They have a social organisation, as it were, only in so far as they send their roots to the self-same pond. The love of the same water keeps them together. Let us meet in devotion to the same Truth,—meet in Heaven, in heart, in Rama.

No. VI

JAGADEVI LAWN.

All the caves near the top of Basoon Mountain being engaged by the rains, Rama had to quit the Garden of Fairies at the top. He came down to a most lovely, lofty level lawn where breezes keep playing all along. Jasmine, white and yellow, grows wild here together with various other sister flowers. Strawberries, crimson roseberries are found in ripe plenty. On one side of the newly built hut a neat green-sward extends far in gradually ascending slope between two rushing streams. In

front is a charming landscape, flowing waters, fresh-foliage-covered hills and undulating forests and fields. Clean, smooth slabs of stone on the lawn form the royal tables and seats for Rama. If shade be needed, spreading groves furnish cheerful accommodation.

No. VII

RAIN.

In three hours a hut was prepared by shepherds living in the forest. They made it rainproof to the best of their power. At night, severe rainstorm set in. Every three minutes lightning flashed, followed by rolling thunder at which each time the mountains shook and trembled. This *Indra vajra* kept up its continual strokes for over three hours. Water poured madly. The poor hut leaked, its resistance to the storm became so ineffective that an umbrella had to be kept open all the time under the roof to save the books from being drenched. The clothes became all wet. The ground being grass covered could not turn muddy,

yet it was drinking to its full the water drops drizzling continuously from the roof. Ram is enjoying very nearly the "fish" and the "tortoise" life. The experience of the aquatic life for the night brings joy of its own.

(ز عمر یک شب کم گیر و زینهار مخسب مولوی معنوی)

Ze umr yak shab kam giro zinhar makhusp.

Translation—Count one night less from the full span of your life and sleep not at all.

Blessed is the storm to keep us up in the Lord's company.

शौह जागे, काहनू सोवां (ग्रन्थ साहिब)

RIGVEDA (MANDAL VIII)

महे चन त्वद्विवः परा शुल्काय देयाम् ।

न सहस्राय नायुताय वज्रिवो न शताय शतामव ॥

Translation—Not for any price could I, O Mountain-mover, give Thee up, not for a thousand, O Thunderer! nor ten thousand, nor hundred times that, O Lord of countless bounty!

यच्छक्रासि परावति यदवावति वृत्रहन् ।

भूतस्रवा गोभिर्द्युगदिन्द्र केशिभिः सुतावांश्च अविवासति ॥

Rama's interpretation :—Whether, O *Shakra* (Almighty) thou be far (in roaring clouds, बुलोक), or, O *Vritra-slayer* (i.e., doubt-destroyer), near at hand (in blowing winds, अन्तरिक्ष); here, heaven penetrating songs (piercing prayers) are being sent as long-maned steeds for Thee (to ride on) and come sharp to one who has pressed out the juice (of his existence) for Thee. Come, sit in my heart, partake of the wine of my life (सोम, Soma).

Man is not meant to waste all his time in petty fears and cautions (चिन्ता, क्लिक्) of the kind :—"how shall I live and oh ! what shall become of me," and all such foolish nonsense. He ought to have at least as much self-respect as fishes and birds and even trees have. They grumble not at storm or sunshine but live as one with Nature. My Atman, I myself am the pouring rain. I flash. I thunder. How beautifully awful and strong I am. *Shivoham* songs gush forth from the heart.

आग्नेस्त्वहं संचरता वनानां झायामधः सानुगतां निषेव्य ।

उद्देजिता वृष्टिभिराश्रयन्ते शृंगाणि यस्यात्पवन्ति सिद्धाः ॥

भागीरथी निर्झर शीकराणां वोढा मुहुः कम्पित देवदारुः ।

यद्वायुरन्विष्ट मृगैः किरातैः आसेव्यते भिन्न शिखण्डि बहैः ॥

No day or night passes without bringing a heavy shower of rain. And as described in the first shloka of Kalidas quoted above, Rama is often caught by showers in his daily climbs up the hill. But there being no caves in the near neighbourhood he has to take the very clouds for his umbrella and to enjoy the showers as his.

Happy are the cedars and pines as described in the second shloka, which though quivering and shivering, offer on their bodies as target for the cool showers of the Ganges' spray.

O the good fortune to bare our bosom before raging coolness, stormy grace !

No. VIII

A VISIT TO SAHASTARU TAL.

July 1906.

सप्तर्षिं हस्तावचितावशेषायधो विवस्वान् परिवर्तमानः ।

पद्मानि यस्याग्रसरोरुहाणि प्रबोधयत्यङ्ग मुक्षैर्मयूरवैः ॥

So far aloft, amid Himalayan steeps,

Couched on the tranquil pool the lotus sleeps

That the bright Seven who star the northern sky
Cull the fair blossoms from their seats on high ;
And when the sun pours forth his morning glow
In streams of glory from his path below,
They gain new beauty as his kisses break
His darling's slumber on the mountain lake.

To travel on almost heaven-high ridges for miles and miles, viewing the waving forests of birch and juniper spreading far below, flowery precipices lying on the right as well as on the left hand side; to walk barefooted on extensive fields covered with soft velvety grass where loving dainty flowers cling to your feet getting entangled in the toes; to enjoy the silvery sights of the rushing waterfalls on distant Kailas cliffs ; to watch clever little musk deer springing at lightning speed before you—well might the moon ride such a beautiful runner ; to be startled now and then by *Garuras*, (royal eagles) fluttering their painted large wings now on this side, then on the other ; to stoop to pick every now and then Kailas lotuses (*Brahma Kamalas*) which in their lovely petals combine gold and fragrance ; to be amused at the coolies outdoing each other in digging

Masi, Lesar, Guggal, the different kinds of incense which abound here in charming plenty; and to sing hymns and chant OM, engaged our time. Far, above the din and bustle of worldly life; deep and vast blue lakes in their crystalline expanse, rippling under the pure and free Kailas air, surrounded by chaste, virgin snows hold a mirror up to the very face of the blooming, blushing Sun. In such lofty solitude serenely does the Sun enjoy his charming glory. On such heights, no hamlet or hut could be expected; the nights were passed in caves where breezes sleep.

O! The joy of leaving behind the prosaic plains of parching body-consciousness! O! The joy of mingling with the sun and breeze! O! The joy of roaming in the heavenly infinite forest deeps of *Ekameva-dvitiyam* (One without a second)!

Honour-winners, knowledge-gainers, social reformers, dear labourers! Well one! God (Rama) blesses you! Go on, sweet ones! Go on! Pursue with hope and zeal your

respective duties. May your exertions be crowned with abundant success, may you reach safe and sound your particular destinations, may joy greet you at the due stations. But what of Rama? Rama is on a different ticket. He cannot break journey and sojourn long at any between stop. Good bye! Darlings! O the Terminus! The never-ending Terminus.

1

Creating the earths and heavens and birds and
beasts

Who enters these as life and soul ;
And from the husk of body and mind
Is thrashed out with devotion and *Jnana*
That Being clothed in forms and names !
That selfsame *Sat* art thou, the same, the same.

2

Diverting the thoughts from objects of sense,
Like horses whipped when going astray ;
Controlling the thoughts with Wisdom's reins,
The sages bring them home to OM ;
That Home or OM art thou, no doubt the same.

3

The manifold changes—waking, sleep,
Boyhood, manhood, health, disease,
Failure, success, gain or loss—
Are flowers simply strung on thread ;

That changeless thread, the One in all,
 Is Atman pure without a knot,
 That Atman pure art thou, the same, the same,

4

That Being shining in the sun is no other than
 myself ;
 That Self in me is certainly the Being shining in
 the sun ;
 By such texts the Vedas preach
 The Light of lights, the Self-Supreme !
 That Self art thou ; yea ! same, the same

5

Anxieties, doubts and fears and fall
 Temptations, dangers, weakness are
 Dispelled and driven out like the dark
 Of thousand years when Light appears
 The Light to drive out sorrow, sin,
 Is consciousness of Self within.
 That Consciousness or Self art thou ;
 indeed the same, the same.

6

The same that works thy eyes and hands,
 The same doth move what by thee stands.
 The One within is all without,
 That One does bring what comes about.
 No foreign force, no foe, no other
 Exists by thee whatever
 Is, art thou, verily the same, the same.

When viewed from the stand-point of God-Self, the whole world becomes an effusion of Beauty, expression of Joy, outpouring of Bliss. When limitation of vision is overcome, there remains nothing ugly for us. When everything is my own Self, how could any thing be other than sweetness condensed. Self is Anand (Bliss), therefore, Self-realisation is equal to the realization of the whole world as Bliss-crystallised, or perception of the powers of Nature as my own hand and feet, and feeling the universe as my own sweet Self embodied.

O Joy ! Nothing separate !

"No warder at the gate
Can keep the *jñani* in ;
But like the sun over all
He will the castle win
And shine along the wall."
He waits as waits the sky,
Until the clouds go by,
Yet shines serenely on
With an eternal day,
Alike when they are gone
And when they stay.

O Divinity ! who rules the Universe ?
None but God. Could anything take place
against God's laws ? Never. All is well.
Let those resort to plans and policies to
whom the world is real. *God is*, and nothing
else exists but God ! Glory ! Glory !

Perish this body and mind, if for a
single second the idea of defence lodges
therein. My bodies are millions, my Self is
God and needs no protection.

Outside rocks there are none to shatter.
I am the only rock, the rock of the Uni-
verse.

Flickering stars of the pupils of myopic
vision ought not to be allowed to divert our
attention in the least.

One person saw a dream, a nightmare
His neighbours' gan to scream ! Look there !
He weeps at no disaster,
I can't suppress a laughter.

If there ever was a person who loved
from his heart of hearts all beings as his
own very Self, it is Rama. My children may
not understand Me, but I am still their own
calm, serene, loving, blessing Self, Rama.

No. IX

A LETTER FROM THE HIMALAYAN JUNGLES.

DARJEELING. *June, 1905.*

Day passes into night, and night again turns into day, and here is your Rama having no time to do anything, busy, very busy, very busy in doing nothing. Tears keep pouring, vieing well with the continuous rains of this the most rainy district ; the hairs stand on ends, the eyes wide open seeing nothing of the things before them. Talk stopped, work stopped unfortunately (?) No, most fortunately. Oh, leave me alone.

This continuous wave after wave of inarticulate ecstasy, O Love ! Let it go on. O ! The most delicious pain.

Away with writing,

Off with lecturing.

Out with fame and name.

Honours ! Nonsense.

Disgrace ! meaningless.

Are these toys the end of life ?

Logic and Science, poor Bunglers !,

Let them see Me and have cured their blindness.

In dreams a sacred current flows,

In wakefulness, it grows and grows.

At times, it overflows the banks,
 Of senses and the mortal frame.
 It spreads in all the world and flows,
 It inundates in wild repose.
 For this the sun, he daily rose,
 For this the universe did roll,
 All births and deaths for this.
 Here comes rolling, surging wonder, undulating
Bliss,
 Here comes rolling laughter, silence.

WHAT IS PRACTICAL VEDANTA ?

Pushing, marching Labour and no stagnant
Indolence ;
 Enjoyment of work as against tedious drudgery ;
 Peace of mind and no canker of Suspicion ;
 Organization and no disaggregation ;
 Appropriate reform and no conservatistic custom ;
 Solid real feeling as against flowery talk ;
 The poetry of facts as against Speculative fiction ;
 The logic of events as against the authority of
departed authors ;
 Living realization and no mere dead quotations

CONSTITUTE PRACTICAL VEDANTA

Meditation and concentration on the
Maha vakya (great saying) *Aham brahmasmi*
 (I am *That*), and no diffusion and confusion
 on personalities and parties, naturally
 translates itself into force, freedom and

love. This Infinite Godhead vibrating in every hair on the body, this muscular *advaita*—non dualism, this dynamical *devotion*, this flaming light is what the Shastras call the unerring *Brahma-shar*.

O ye wavering, fickle dubious minds, no more of lukewarm orthodoxy and heterodoxy ! Scorch out all doubt and hesitations, all *doxies* are your creation. The Sun might be shown to be a disc of quicksilver, the Earth might be proved to be a concave sphere, the Vedas might be demonstrated as not inspired, but ye can be nothing, nothing but God. A single note issuing *from your Godhead* must be taken up by the blades of grass, the grains of sand, the particles of dust, the whiffs of wind, the drops of rain, by birds, beasts, gods and men. It must be thundered over caves and forests, pealed over hamlets and huts, it must reverberate over streets and towns, pass from cities to cities, and fill and thrill the whole world ! O Freedom ! Liberty !

Fill the mountain-fountains of a river with immense treasures of golden glaciers,

and all its branches, streams, canals must flow full, feeding the fields to flourish free. Let the Source of life, the Origin of love and Spring of delight and light, the infinite Power and Purity, Divinity, embrace and displace the little self, saturate the feelings, fill the mind, and necessarily must be hands, feet, eyes, nay every fibre of the frame, even the environments *must* work a heaven of harmony and irradiate a flood of energy.

The King's very presence on his royal throne establishes order throughout the *darbar*, so doth a man's resting on his God-head (native glory, स्वराज्य) establish order and life through the whole race.

O ye of little faith! wake up! wake up to your holy majesty! and a single glance from your royal indifference, a side-wind from your divine recklessness is enough to convert the direct hells into charming heavens.

Come Home, Come Home,

O wanderer, Home ! Om ! Om !

Blow O breezes, mingle O winds, with these words whose purpose is the same as yours.

O laughter ! laughter !

Inextinguishable joy and laughter !

"After long ages resuming the broken thread coming
back after a long but necessary parenthesis—

To the call of the peacock in the woods.

Up with the bracken uncurling from the midst of dead
fronds of past selves.

Seeing the sun rise new upon the world as lovers see it
after their first night,

All changed and glorified the least thing trembling with
beauty, all old sights become new, everything vivified
and bathed in divinity."

"Now, having learned the lesson which it was necessary
to learn of the intellect and of civilization, having duly
taken in and assimilated and again duly excreted its
results, once more to the great road with the animals
and the trees and the stars, travelling to return.

To other nights and days undreamt of in the vocabularies
of all dictionaries."

O kisses of the sun and winds !

O joy of the liberated Soul (finished purpose and
acquittal of conventionality),

Daring all things, light steps, life held in the palm
of the hand !

At length the Wanderer returns Home,

All those things which have vainly tried to detain
him.

When he comes who looks neither to the right nor
to the left for any of them.

Not being deluded by them but rather threatening
to pass by and leave them all in their places just
as they are,

Then rise up and follow him,

Though thorns and briars before—in his path, they
now become fruits and flowers.

Not till he has put them from him does he learn the
love and faithfulness that is in them.

Faithful for ever, more are they his Servants !

And this world is paradise ! ! !

No. X

(Copy of a letter sent to Rai Saheb Baij Nath.)

वासिष्ठाश्रम ।

27th March, 1906.

MOST BLESSED DIVINITY,

Peace like a river is flowing to me.

Peace as the breezes is blowing to me,

Peace like the Ganges flows—

It flows from all my hair and toes.

Let surging waves of oceans of peace

Leave all the hearts and heads and feet !

Om Joy ! Om Bliss ! Om Peace !

This Ashram आश्रम is above the snow-line. A beautiful stream, called Vasishttha ganga (वासिष्ठ-गंगा) flows just below Rama's cave. There are five or six water-falls in the stream. Natural basins are carved out of the hard rocks in the river valley by Shiva's (शिव's) own hand forming about twenty lovely little tanks. The hills are

covered with those true light-loving hardy giants of the forest whose green does not fade even when more than six feet of snow accumulates about them. They are certainly worthy of the great Banamali's (वनमाली) kindness and love.

असुं पुरः पश्यसि देवदारं पुत्री कृतोऽसौ वृषभध्वजेन ।

These oak-hearted, green-shouldered children of Mahadev (महादेव) are the only companions of Rama. Even Naryna swami was sent away to the plains not to visit Rama again before *at least* two years. A young man comes every day, cooks food, and leaves to spend the night in some adjoining village—the nearest village being over three miles distant.

Half-a-mile walk up the hill takes Rama to the top of this mountain (Basun) where the sacred glaciers of Kedar, Badri, Sumeru, Gangotri, and Kailas are within sight.

The spot is described at length in the Kedar khand (केदार खण्ड). Such was the place selected for Ashrampada (आश्रमपद) by the author of Yoga Vasishta (योग-वासिष्ठ).

Happily, no town or road is near here yet. Ask not about the ecstasy of Rama. The overflowing rapturous peace will be revealed by Rama's chief work which will go down to the plains for publication some years hence. Let none visit Rama till then, please. ... God is the only reality.

دیکھا نہ شب جو یار کو نور ضیا سے کار کیا
مردہ کی قبر تار کو آب و گیا سے کار کیا

چاہے کوئی بہلا کہے—خواہ پڑا برا کہے
پلا چھنا جو جسم سے بیم و رجا سے کار کیا

ذہنی بدی خوشی غمی—زینہ تھیں بام یار کا
زینہ جلاور—اب یہاں پائیں بیا سے کار کیا

احمق کور ہی کو ہے آفت ما سوائے حق
کعبہ دل میں یہ زنا ! بوئے وفا سے کار کیا

اٹنا لحاظ دلایا دنیا تیرا پرے بھی ہٹ
ناچوں ہوں ساتھ رام کے—شرم و حیا سے کار کیا

ازدھا زادی ہے—(مار آستین)—چشم دو بین
غیر حق کو جب نظر آوے جہاں ہو مار توف

خاک جھوٹی زندگی پر قبر کا کیڑا نہ بن
گورتن وہم خودی پردے جلا پھر مار توف

مال و دولت گدرو دار و رخت و بخت و نقد و جنس
عزت و ماؤ مافی کا کار کردے پار توف

देखा न शब जो यार को नूरे-ज़िया से कार क्या ।
मुरदे की कबरे-तार को आबो-गया से कार क्या ॥ १ ॥

चाहे कोई भला कहे-गुवाह पड़ा बुरा कहे ।
 पन्ना छुठा जो जिस्म से बीमो-रजा से कार क्या ॥ २ ॥
 नेकी, बदी, खुशी शमी ज़ीनह थीं बामे-यार का ।
 ज़ीनह जला दो, अब यहाँ "पाई-बिया" से कार क्या ॥ ३ ॥
 अन्नक्रे-कोर ही को है उलफ़त मासिबाये-हक्र ।
 काब-ए-दिल में यह ज़िना बूए-बक्रा से कार क्या ॥ ४ ॥
 इतना लिहाज़ कर लिया दुनिया तिरा परे भि हट ।
 नाँचू हूँ साथ राम के शर्मा-हया से कार क्या ॥ ५ ॥

अज़दहा ज़ादी है (मारे-आस्तीं) चरमे-दो बीं ।
 ग़ैरे-हक्र को जब नज़र आवे, जहाँ हो, मार तोक्र ॥
 खाक भूँडी ज़िन्दगी पर क़ब्र का कीड़ा न बन ।
 गोरे-तन, वहमे-खुदी परदे जला, फिर मार तोक्र ॥
 मालो-दौलत-गीरो दारो रखतो-बख़्तो, नक्रदो-जिन्स ।
 इज़्ज़तो-माओ-मनी का कार करदे पार तोक्र ॥

Your प्रयागकुम्भ lecture was just masterly.
 One copy was presented by Rama to the
 Maharaja of Tehri. Dear, listen, Vedanta is
 no cant, and this world is nought. He
 perishes who feels it to be real. God is the
 only reality Yes, yes, yes, yes, ॐ

Rama.

XI

Copy of a letter sent to Rai Bahadur Baij Nath,
वासिष्ठाश्रम ।

End of June, 1906.

(The same as that of No. VI, VII and part of VIII printed on pages 180 to 190 of this very volume with an addition of the following:—)

ابر میخواستند مستان خانہ کرہ ویران شود
چار طرف سے ابر کی واہ آؤٹھی تھی کیا کہتا
بجلی کی جگمگاتیں رعد رہا تھا۔ کرکڑا
بر سے تھا میٹھ بھی جھوم جھوم چہاجون آسند آسند پڑا
جھوکے ہوا کے کے چلے ہوش بدن کو وہ آزا
ھررگ جل میں نور تھا نغمہ تھا زور شور کا
ابر برون سے تھا سوا دل میں سرور بہشت
اب حیات کی جھڑی زور جو روز و شب پڑی
فکرو خیال بہ گئے۔ ٹوٹی ٹوٹی کی جھوپڑی

جنگل سب اپنے نن پر ہریالی سم رہے ہیں
گل پھول جہاز ہوئے کر اپنی دھج رہے ہیں
بجلی چمک رہی ہے۔ بادل کرج رہے ہیں
الہ کے نقارے نوبت کے ہم رہے ہیں

चार तरफ़ से छत्र की बाह ! उठी थी क्या घटा ।

बिजली की जगमगाहटें, राद रहा था गड़गड़ा ॥

बरसे था मेंह भी झूम-झूम छाजों उमड़-उमड़ पड़ा ।

झोके हवा के ले चले होशे-बदन को वह उड़ा ॥

हर रंगे-जाँ में नूर था, नमामा था ज़ोर शोर का ।
 अन्न-बरों से था सिवावात् दिल में सरूर बरसता ॥
 आये हयात् की झड़ी ज़ोर जो रोज़े शब पड़ी ।
 क्रिकरो-झ्याल बह गये, टूटी दुई की मौपड़ी ।

जंगल सब अपने तन पर हरयाली सज रहे हैं ।
 गुल फूल झाड़ बूटे कर अपनी धज रहे हैं ॥
 विजली चमक रही है, बादल गरज रहे हैं ।
 अल्लाह के नक्कारे नौबत के बज रहे हैं ॥

طرز پنجابی سی حرفی
 کیسے رنگ لاکے - خوب بھاگ جاگے
 ہری گئی سب بھوک اور تنگ میری
 چوڑے سانچ سرور کے چڑھے ہمکو
 ٹوٹ پڑی جب کانچ کی رنگ میری
 تاروں سنگ اکٹس میں چمکتی ہے
 بن دو راب آوی پتنگ میری
 جھڑی نور کی برسے لگی زوروں
 چند سور ہیں ایک ترنگ میری

कैसे रंग लागे ! खूब भाग जागे ।
 हरी गई सब भूख और नंग मेरी ॥
 चूड़े साँच स्वरूप के चढ़े हम को ।
 टूट पड़ी जब काँच की वज्र मेरी ॥
 तारों संग आकाश में चमकती है ।
 बिन डोर अब उड़ी पतङ्ग मेरी ॥

झड़ी नूर की बरसने लगी ज़ोरों ।

चन्द सूर हैं एक तरंग मेरी ॥

The Spritual Law about privations and success, how beautifully the Veda enunciates it :—ब्रह्म तं परादाद्योऽन्यत्रात्मनो ब्रह्मवेद

Let any body in his heart of heart *believe in anything whatsoever as real*—i. e. fit object of trust—and inevitably he must be forsaken or betrayed by that object. This is a law more stern than the Law of Gravitation. The only Reality, Atman (आत्मन्) brings home to us the delusion of seeing anything else as real.

No warder at the gate
Can keep the *Jnani* in ;
But like the Sun o'er all
He will the castle win,
And shine along the wall.
He waits, as waits the sky,
Until the clouds go by,
Yet shines serenely on
With an eternal day,
Alike when they are gone,
And when they stay,

So long as *any sort of desire* clings to a person, he cannot realize शिवोऽहम् bliss. But,

यदा सर्वे प्रमुच्यन्ते कामायेऽस्य हृदिश्रिताः ।

अथ मर्त्योऽमृतो भवत्यत्र ब्रह्म समश्नुते ॥ श्रुतिः ।

(B) LETTERS.

No. 1

To

SWAMI SHIVAGANACHARYA,
Kishangarh.

Tehri,
1902.

NARAYANA,

Doctors say unless we feel appetite from within we should take no food, however delicious and whole-some it may be and however much our dear friends and relatives might coax us to eat it. All that you have written is quite true. If I start at once, there is a very good opportunity of enjoying the company of both yourself and the worthy Prime Minister of Kishangarh State, and of being benefitted by your wise counsels. But my inner voice bids me to wait, with the foreboding that even better opportunities shall present themselves when I am fully equipped. Nothing daunted by my former failures—if failures they can be called—I have every hope that abundant success shall attend my future career

What I am doing here is exactly what must have been the result of your thought of friendly consultation at Kishangarh. We should, no doubt, be always on the alert to avail ourselves of favourable opportunities. But we should not be impatient either. Work is all that is wanted. In order that I may be able to inspire working power or energy into our countrymen, I must start with a vast store of accumulated energy myself. Let the time come, you shall most certainly be with me.

If I have not to go about making fuss about trifles but have to render some real and lasting service to the Motherland, and if I have to prove truly useful to our country, I feel I require a little more preparation in order to make myself equal to the stupendous task.

I am here making a thorough study of the Shastras and of the highest Western thought and am at the same time pursuing my own independent researches. I have not to spend my lifetime over this work. I shall soon be imparting to or rather carry-

ing into the business and bosom of humanity what I have been acquiring at the cost of incessant labour. I have full conviction that I could, if I would, long since, have caused a tremendous stir in the country but I have a conscience and for no personal glory, no gain, no threats, no imminent danger, not for fear of death even shall I preach what I have not *realised* to be the Truth.

If Truth has any power—as certainly it is Infinite Power—the Rajas as well as the Sadhoos, the nobility and the populace will all ultimately have to bow before and yield homage to the standard of Righteousness to be set up by Rama Tirtha Swami. I have an aptitude for this work, and it will be throwing away of my powers if through haste or impatience I harness myself for a lesser work.

I have to preach, else why did I fondly cherish that desire from my very childhood. I have to preach, else what for did I renounce my parents, wife, children, worldly position and the bright prospects. Filled with the

divine fire I have to preach—boldly, fearlessly, even in the face of all sorts of persecution and opposition—what I am realising here.

Thankfully I accept your advice of keeping the money for my future use.

Regular exercise taken. Health Good. Climate most excellent.

Wishing you and the Baboo Sahib

Shanti ! Shanti !! Shanti !!!

Rama Tirtha Swami.



(2)

TO BRIJ LAL* GOSWAMI,

Qanungo,

Jammoo State,

Tehri, 1902.

DEARIE,

Glad to know you are employed. Be always honest and upright. Discharge your duties most faithfully. Devote some portion of your time to the study of Bhagvad Gita and Yog Vasishttha every day. Never Neglect OM, ॐ

*Swami Rama's nephew,

By your conduct prove yourself worthy of the high family you belong to. Never yield to temptations.

हरसुख राय को ॐ आनन्द ।

स्वाहा क्या ही क्यों न हो दयान्तदारी और सच्चाई को मत छोड़ना ।

ॐ

(३)

TO PANDIT RAM DHAN SAHIB

Asstt. Settlement officer,

Bhimbar, Jammoo State,

Kaudia, 1902.

DEAREST RAMA,

Ram Babshah lives in these days on the summit of a high mountain commanding a most picturesque view of the glaciers of Jumnotri, Gangotri, Kedar and Badri. Gangi lying at a distance of seven or eight miles is visible from this place. Two days' journey from the Railway Station Dehra Doon on the road to Tehri, brings one to these exquisitely delightful landscapes.

DEAREST,

Give all to love عشق (प्रेम) ;

Obey thy heart ;
 Friends, kindred, days,
 Estate, good-fame,
 Plans, credit, and the Muse,—
 Nothing refuse,
 Give all to love.

Rai Baij Nath is coming again here in
 the middle of April.

Address :—RAM BADSHAH,
 The Darbar, Kaudiya hill,
 P. O. Tehri Garhwal.

April 9th 1902.

صباہ لطف بگو آن غزال رعنا را
 کہ سربہ کوه و بیا باں تو دادے مارا

(4)

To

SWAMI SHIVAGANACHARYA

SHANTI ASHRAM,

MUTTRA.

MOST BLESSED SELF,

1. Herewith is enclosed a letter from Mr. A. N. Knapp. He will probably write to you himself. His present address is uncertain because he is soon going to leave Berkley.

2. Mrs. Eva A. Wellman left America on the 23rd of October on board the Siberia.

* * * If she has not already (before you receive this letter) come to the Ashram, you should please wire to her or write to her immediately a letter of welcome. She desires to be in the Ashram

* * *

Your Own Self.

RAM SWAMI.

Enclosure to No. (4)

BERKLEY, CALIFORNIA,

FROM A. N. KNAPP.

To RAM SWAMI,

Shasta Springs, California.

BROTHER & FRIEND,

Your very welcome and kind letter of recent date came to hand. Adrian is grateful for the booklets entitled "The Sermon on the Hill," "A word of welcome;" &c., sent to him by Ram. Adrian feels assured that Sadharana Dharama Sabha has come to stay. It must be so. Adrian's reasons for making that statement are these; first, its principles are backed by the truth; second, it is as near an approach to a royal road to the goal as is practicable under existing conditions; and, third, it is certainly the beginning of the way by which men may come into a realization of the very thing they are hankering for—whether they know it or not. All the principles of Sadharana Dharama Sabha, from I to VIII. inclusive, touch a responsive chord in Adrian's mind, and, he would like to know more about the Society. Will Ram

kindly give Adrian the meaning of *Sadharana Dharama Sabha** and, also the meaning of the word Parmatman. †Adrian feels an inclination to write to the brothers in India, with the object in view of learning more about the Society and the philosophy it teaches; and perhaps, later on, becoming one with the brothers in thought and work.

(5)

To

SWAMI SHIVAGANACHARYA,

SHANTI ASHRAM

MUTTRA.

SHASTA SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA.

REVEREND SELF,

*

*

*

*

*

When the problem of India is looked at in the light of the law of progress the crying need for organization and combining up the whole nation is sorely realized. The stray divergent forces ought to be put in order.

Oh, how much does Ram wish (and *hope*

* The Religion of Humanity or Simple Religion Society, (Ram Swami).

† Self Supreme, R. S.

and *shall*) to bring about clear understanding and union between the different Samajes, Sabhas and parties in India.

Would you please well consider the following principles which Ram recommends for Sadharana Dharma (or the COMMON PATH), consider them yourself and communicate them to the thinking people of India, and then publish them either as addenda, if possible to the old I. to VIII. principles or as a separate letter from Swami Ram. In this respect suit yourself as you please.

Euclosure to No. (5)

THE EXISTING PRINCIPLES OF SADHARNA DHARMA SABHAS

(*Common Path Movement*).

I.—The essential cause of the universe, that maintains it in order is the Almighty Parmatman.*

II.—Unseen, He sees the qualities,

*“*Parmatman* or Self supreme is an intelligent bodiless Power. It is of course necessary to have some word for conventional purposes and the best word full of meaning is the *Parmatman*.” S. A.

actions, and inclinations of all individuals, tribes and nations, and rewards them in the form of pleasure or pain, rise, or fall.

III.—By gradually developing the moral, physical, and spiritual powers, by making a proper use of them, and by applying them to the good of humanity, one can realize the Parmatman.

IV.—All persons, who believe in the above-mentioned principles, are eligible to become members of the Sadharana Dharma Sabha.

V.—Every member, whilst advancing himself practically, that is, developing and properly exercising his own physical, moral and spiritual powers, ought to endeavour to ameliorate the condition of his family, tribe, nation, and the whole world, and to consider this act as true *Purusharth* (exertion) and *Paropkar* (doing good to others.)

VI.—It is the duty of every member to direct the attention of the masses towards religion (*Dharma*), to lessen the differences and prejudices of the various sects, and to advocate *toleration*.

VII.—Books on religion and morality, like the “Sadharan Dharma” ought to be read and the instructions contained therein acted upon with sincerity and earnestness, and others should be induced to do the same.*

VIII.—All members ought to help as far as possible all good Sadhus and other deserving persons, who preach religion (*Dharma*).

PROPOSED PRINCIPLES

I.—Sadharana Dharma (COMMON PATH) implies the path of conduct adapted to the

*“Taking the name of a religious book with respect or reading it without understanding it or indulging in useless discussion on the subject of unimportant formulas or saying that all religions are good and their truths should be accepted, will serve no useful purpose. It is necessary that all books written in an easy intelligent style, treating of the daily wants, moral and physical and giving directions in a tolerant and unprejudiced manner to supply those wants, should not only be read with care but thoroughly digested and acted upon. The Sadharana Dharma Pustaka is a book of this kind and may be studied with advantage. But it is mentioned as an instance only and in fact any book as useful as or more useful than that should certainly be read and acted upon.” S. A.

dictates of science, the injunctions of true Vedanta and needs of the day. As it goes hand by hand with advancing science and moves with the PRESENT it is dynamical and not static.

II.—The Common Path (Sadharana Dharma) is open to people of any creed or no creed. Those who profess other faiths need not disclaim when they adopt Sadhrana Dharma.

III.—Sadharana Dharma aims not to establish Uniformity but Unity in *variety* throughout the differedt cults and sects of India, and by and by of the whole world. Its object is as far as possible to make the followers of each class more united to each other and to secure sounder co-operation between different classes or to minimize individual jeolousy, class jealousy and national jealousy by endeavouring to make each individual class or nation excel in his or its own special work.

IV.—The Common Path aims to bring about fellow feeling and kinship between India and other countries of the world by

opening inter-communication through Sadharana Dharma Missionaries.

V.—For every follower of Sadharana Dharma, physical culture is as important as study and spiritual meditation.

VI.—Sadharana Dharma proposes to supplement to some extent the work of State Universities and to impart character-building education to those who come as student. Research work in Biology and other experimental sciences will be enhanced in addition to arranging for regular lectures on Ancient and Modern Philosophy. No pains will be spared to popularize science and promote original thinking.

N. B.....For further particulars about the Sadharana, Dharma, vide *Swami Rama as an advocate of the Sadharana Dharma* in "Various Aspects of Swami Rama's Life" and 'The Fourteen Gems of the Sadharana Dharma'. Both these books can be had of the Rama Tirtha Publication League, Lucknow.

—Editor.

20 LETTER TO MRS. WELLMAN.

(SURYANANDA)

The following is a letter from Mrs. Wellman, (Suryananda) to Mr. Puran with extracts of 20 letters sent to her by Swami Rama from America and India.



OM ! OM ! OM !

Januarg, 1907.

SHANTI ASHRAM—EDENDALE,
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.,
DEAR AND MOST BLESSED PURAN,

O, the thrill of joy your letter brought me, it *seemed*, or was it true that the holy consciousness of our Rama pervaded the letter and my soul. Surely it is *still* true, as one of his letters said to me "Mother, Rama is always with you," and to spirit there is no limitation, so do I believe, yea, am certain Rama is with Puran. How holy and peaceful has been this day, forerunner of that great Consciousness in your dear letter with this as you request ! I will send some extracts of Rama's letters to me, also

a few reminiscences of his sayings and doings. Always with loving *impersonal* attention to the least of us, this great illumined soul with this meekness of a child led our hearts and minds upward to meet our God, our own Divine Atma. O, the sweetness, the gentleness of that great Consciousness manifesting through the modern Rishi Rama! God was with us, and some of us, knew it not, and still God is with us, and as the blessed Rma often said, "there is no death," *he* is not far from those who have eyes to see or ears to hear. It was just beginning the year 1903 when I first met this great soul. He was lecturing in San Francisco, I went to hear him *reluctantly*. But with his chant of OM my mind was lifted, my very being vibrated with a joy I never felt before. A heavenly, blissful peace illumined me.

And I never missed another opportunity to feed upon the bread of Life he so freely gave. He also made an appeal to Americans to help his people by going to India and living as *one* of them in their very families.

Quite a number said they would go. But not one of them went. One day I said to him, "Swami Rama, for what you have done for me, what can I do for your people in exchange?" He said, "You can do a great deal if you will, but go to India." "I will go," I replied. But friends dissuaded and even derided me. Some said I was crazy to think of going, especially as I had not sufficient money to return. But Rama said, "If you *really* know Vedanta, you would not fear, for you will find God in India the same as in America." So did God the Divine Intelligent Principle of life *prove* His all sustaining power, through the tender, loving care of my beloved Hindu brothers and sisters, yea, my children. Yet five months elapsed before I fulfilled my promise to our blessed Rama and set sail for his native country. Alone! not knowing a person in that far off country, yet with "Faith leaning on the sustaining arm of the Infinite" as taught by Rama. I saw him last at Shasta Springs, California. I had but a few hours there before my train left

for San Francisco. Never can I forget the day in those hills with snowy Mount Shasta towering above our heads. Similarly, two years and a half later I travelled several days' journey through the Himalayas to Vias Muni to bid this saint good-bye, as I was about to return to America. It is impossible to pen or relate that soul-stirring adieu. And the *last*, this great soul laid off the body a few months later.

Before setting sail for India, I received several letters from the blessed Rama who remained in Castle springs as well as in Shasta (California) for some time. He writes:—

(1)

CASTLE SPRINGS,
CALIFORNIA (U. S. A.)

June 11, 1903.

MY DEAREST BELOVED SELF,

Need there be anything written or said. Rama knows everything, that is, you know everything, but in spite of that Rama will tell you of some things that transpired here

lately, bringing great happiness to Rama. Everything brings pleasure to Rama.

On May 19, while Rama was stretched on a boulder by the river side, there was brought to Rama by the Manager of Dr. Hiller's place here a very lovely hammock, sent unexpectedly by a friend from Seattle. It was immediately suspended between a green oak and a red fir tree, high up in the air. With bubbling joy and overflowing laughter Rama rolled himself up into the hanging bed. The fragrant, gentle breezes began to rock Rama to and fro, the river went on with its OM melody. Rama laughed and laughed and laughed. Did you hear him? A chirping robin was watching overhead when Rama was swaying back and forth. Perhaps he was envious of Rama. Was he? No, that cannot be, every robin, sparrow, or nightingale knows Rama to be its own. At any rate when Rama left the hammock for a while to let out the uncontrolled inner pleasure in frisking about and dancing, the pretty robin stole the sweet opportunity to try a swing in the

hammock. Say, are not Rama's little birdies and flowers frolicsome, merry and free ?

May 20, noon. The President of the United States, on his way to the North, stopped at the Springs a while. The representative lady of Springs Company presented him with a basket full of lovely flowers, and immediately after that he accepted from Rama most gracefully, lovingly and cheerfully, the Appeal on behalf of India. He kept the book in his right hand all the time, and while responding with his right hand to the salutations of the crowds, the book naturally and spontaneously rose up to his forehead at least a hundred times. When the train started he was seen reading it attentively in his carriage, and once more he waved thanks to Rama from the leaving train.

But lo ! Rama never invited the President to the luxury of enjoying a swing in the poetic hammock. Could you guess, why not? Do guess, please. Well, as you don't speak, Rama will tell you. The reason is plain enough. The President of the so-

called free Americans is not a thousandth part as free as Rama's birdies and air.

Never mind the President. You can be free, even as free as Rama, and have air and light as your faithful servants. Be Rama and Rama will give you all—suns, stars, air, ocean, clouds forests, mountains, and what not. Everything will belong to you. Is not that a lovely bargain? Is n't it, dear? Do have everything, please.

At four in the morning, waked by the kisses of Aurora and tickled to laughter by free zephyrs, welcomed by the sweet songs of carolling birds, Rama goes out walking on the tops of mountains and the river side.

Come, let us laugh together, laugh, laugh, laugh. Come Sun, my child, look into the fearless smiling eyes of Rama and live close to nature and Rama. The ecstasy itself is I.

Your Self,
RAMA.

(2)

OM !

SHASTA SPRINGS, (CALIF.),

July 9, 1903.

DEAR BLESSED SELF,

Your letter to hand. It is Truth and Truth alone that is one's real friend, relative, nay, Self.

Abide by truth, tread the path of righteousness and not an hair of your body will ever be injured.

Read Yog Vasishtha and Bhagvad Gita over and over again.

Yours in Self,
RAMA SO-AM-I.

(3)

SHASTA SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA.

October 8, 1903.

MOST BLESSED DIVINE MOTHER,

. . . . Rama thoroughly appreciates every moment of yours, Rama is not selfish enough to misunderstand, nor is there any likelihood of ever forgetting one who has become Rama in her love for India, Truth,

and suffering Humanity. Surya means the Sun (He gave me the name of *Suryananda*) and so does Rama. "Resist not evil" does not mean become a passive nonentity; no, not at all. The saying has no reference to the acts of the body. It is a commandment touching the mind, and mind alone, inculcating *Peace of mind*. Mental *resistance, opposition* and *revolt* always bring about discord, irritation and worry; instead of "curling up", and consequently unbalancing yourself, overcome the seeming evil by Love (Sacrifice, or giving nature) than which there is no higher force.

"Resist not evil," and welcome events with the good cheer of a giver. Great souls never lose their balance. By preserving our calm we can always turn the stumbling blocks into stepping stones. Never, never should you let the feeling of helplessness cross your mind.

Just now the thought comes to Rama that on reaching India you should at your earliest convenience enquire about the whereabouts of Puran who must be some-

where in the Punjab. He is the Editor of the *Thundering Dawn*. No introductory letters are necessary for him.

Hoping you will immediately write to Rama after securing a birth.

Your own pure, heroic Self as
RAMA SWAMI.

This letter was written to me when I was undergoing a great mental strain in regard to my contemplated journey to India, such opposition was raised against my going.

Suryananda.

(4)

OM !

SHASTA SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA.

October 10, 1903.

MOTHER DEAR,

Your dear letter with paper and envelopes to hand. (I sent him a box of paper and envelopes). You will be accorded a hearty welcome when you step on that sympathetic soil (India). Rama has already written to India. In case you go

there, you will find your name outspeeding you. You are welcome wherever you want to break journey. (In answer to a question he says,) "When we give ourselves up to *levity, frivolity and jollity*, by an invisible Law of Nature we suffer from the reaction which depresses us low down. The wise man keeps his heart always *at home* and interested only in the One Supreme Reality.

As to the things of the world, he attends to them in the disinterested, dispassionate, indifferent, and self-possessed mood of a munificent princely *giver*.

This noble attitude is kept up in all *active* work. And in reference to *passive* experiences the free soul undergoes them all unaffected, unmoved, and in good cheer, *vividly* remembering all the time his *native glory*. "I am alone, the One without a second. The Sun is my semblance." Constant meditation on your own real Surya (sun) character and applying it to every-day affairs of life makes you the phenomenal self, the highest manifestation of Love, Light, and Life. You will write to Rama

before setting sail or embarkation. You should also write when you reach Japan and Hongkong. Rama will be ever so glad to do anything for you in India.

Your noble, lovely Self as

 RAMA.

(5)

OM !

SHASTA SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA,
October 16, 1903.

MOST BLESSED NOBLE SURYANANDA,

Both your letters came to Rama's hands simultaneously this noon. All is well and satisfactory. As you are going on a long trip, it might prove beneficial for you to add a little more to your knowledge of human nature, and indelibly impress on your mind the importance of keeping ourselves *perfectly* collected, serene, and *at home* all the time. (There was a delay of a certain matter which gave me much uneasiness). The apparent delays and oppositions are all meant to add to your inner power and purity. Naturalists have decisively shown

that no evolution or progress could ever take place had it not been for struggles and opposition.

Do you remember the story of Robert Bruce and the Spider ? ‘Is not every grand discovery preceded by hundreds, nay thousands of unsuccessful attempts?’ Early in the morning you would do well to spend about half an hour in repeating to yourself this Mantram (pardon omission of Mantram). Be strongly instilling into your very nature the truth involved in this Mantaram while repeating it. This kind of continual auto-suggestion will make a thorough Sannyasin (Swami) of you. You will please soon write as to what arrangements are made about your passage. With deepest love and sincerest regard,

Your own Self,
RAMA SWAMI.

(6)



SHASTA SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA,

October 21, 1903.

MOST BLESSED DIVINE SURYANANDA,

Yours of yesterday just to hand.

O! What a happy news, sailing for India! At Hongkong, if you call on Wassiamal Assomal (near the Clock Tower), you might delight the Hindu merchants by telling them about the happy state of Rama (Tirtha) Swami and your own noble mission.

The people to whom letters have already been given will furnish you satisfactorily with the information about all local matters. You need only start, everything else will run smooth enough afterwards. Bear one thing in mind. When you happen to visit the people of any sect, NEVER, NEVER, NEVER, you attend to, mark, or remember their criticisms of other parties. If you find any spirit of devotion, divine love, charity, or spiritual knowledge *anywhere*, take it up, absorb it, assimilate it, and have no time to pick up any body's

jealously. Don't notice their drawbacks and weaknesses.

Forget not to see Seth Sita Ram in Calcutta. You might also pay a visit whilst in Calcutta to the learned Editor of *The Dawn*, an unassuming, pure, self-denying, devoted, orthodox Vedantin. He also successfully carries on an educational and boarding Institution. In Calcutta you could also enjoy the Sankirtan, devotional dance.

Mother India will receive you as always a loving mother does a returning child estranged for years and years. Adieu for the present. Rama is always with you.

Passage to India !

O ! we can wait no longer !

We too take ship, O soul !

To you, we too launch out on trackless seas !

Fearless for unknown shores. On waves of ecstasy

To sail, Amid the wafting winds

Carolling free,—singing our song of God !

Chanting our chant of happy soothing OM !

Passage to India !

Sailing these seas, or on the hills, or waking in
the night,

O winding creeks and Ganges !
Of you, O woods and fields !
Of you, O mighty Himalayas,
Of morning red ! O clouds ! O rain and snows,
O day and night, passage to you !
O sun and moon, and all ye stars,
Sirius and Jupiter, passage to you !
Passage, immediate passage !
The blood burns in my veins !
Away, O soul, hoist instantly the anchor,
Cut the hawsers—haul out—shake out every sail.
Have we not stood here like trees in the ground
long enough ?
Sail forth, steer for the deep waters only,
For we are bound where mariner has not yet
dared to go,
And we will risk the ship ourselves and all.
O my brave soul !
O father, father, sail.
O daring joy but safe
O father, father, sail
To your real Home.

RAMA.

(7)

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OM

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

February 15, 1904.

MOST BLESSED SELF,

Your numerous letters, the telegram, and all came duly to Rama's hands. When there is but one Reality, who should thank whom ? Rama is filled with joy, Rama is all joy. All the time Rama is all peace. Work flows from Rama. Rama doeth no work. Be thou the fragrant rose, and sweet aroma will waft of itself all around from thee, me ! me.

Do you feel yourself a Hindu with your whole heart ? Do you realise their errors and superstitions as your own ? Could you trust them as your own brothers and sisters ! Did you ever forget your American birth and find yourself transfigured into a Hindu born, as Rama often sees himself a deep dyed bigoted Christian ? If so, wonderful work will emanate from you spontaneously !

Who are you? Who are you who go about to save the *lost*? Are you saved yourself?

Do you know that "whosoever would save his life, must lose it?" Are you then one of the lost? Could you or would you be one of the lost? Arise then and be a saviour. Be a sinner—Realize your *oneness* with him, and you can save him. There is no other way but this one way of love, to conquer all.

OM ! OM !

Your own Self as

 SWAMI RAMA.

(8)

OM !

MINNEAPOLIS, M. N., U. S. A.

April 3, 1904.

MOST BLESSED SELF,

Where are you? No letter was received from dear, noble mother after the happy New Year letter, written at Muttra. Peace, Peace, Peace comes from within. The kingdom of heaven is *within* alone. In

books, temples, shrines, prophets, and saints—in vain, in vain the search after happiness. Your experience must have shown it by this time. If the lesson is once learnt, it is not dearly bought, no matter how much it costs. Sit alone, convert your very anguish into Divine Bliss, you may receive inspiring suggestions from books like *The Thundering Dawn*. Meditate on OM ! and be a *giver* of peace to mankind and not an expectant *seeker*. Dear one, do you remember the last talk Rama gave you on the side of the Creek at Shasta Springs ? It was—given not as a *seeker*, but as the perpetual *giver* of Light and Love. Our hearts break when we are in the *seeking* attitude. You must have verified the state of affairs in India as described in Rama's Appeal to Americans. Read that lecture once more, if you please. Don't expect any *immediate*, ostensible results from your labour of love. "Be contented to serve," says the spirit of Christ. We cannot receive any gift, benediction or reward higher than the privilege of serving. If you have not

met Babu Ganga Prasad Varma, Editor of the *Advocate*, Lucknow, do please see him. Does your heart take more delight in sharing the sufferings of poor Hindus in India or enjoying the comforts of life in America? (So much so) I want to be again in India.

OM ! ॐ GM !

Rama was one month in Portland, Oregon, one month in Denver, two weeks in Chicago, and a couple of weeks in Minneapolis. Vedanta-societies are organized at these places. Free scholarships for poor Hindu students are secured at different Universities. From here Rama goes to Buffalo, N. Y. Thence to Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Washington D.C. On June 29, 30 and 31, Rama is to be at the meetings of the World's Unity League, St. Louis. In July Rama is to be at Lake Geneva. In next fall Rama comes to London, England. Be not discouraged, mother dear. Look only at the sunny side of things. There is no rose without a thorn, unmixed good is not to be found in

this world. The All Good is only the Self Supreme. If India had Vedanta (Truth) in *practice*, what necessity would there have been for Appeal to America? When your heart is perfectly attuned to the Beauty of *All*, you will find every thing glorious everywhere.

Peace ! Peace !! Peace !!!

Central Bliss, Inner Joy for ever and for ever.

Your own Self as
SWAMI RAMA.

(9)

OM !

WILLIAM'S BAY, WIS, OR LAKE GENEVA,
July 8, 1904.

MOST BLESSED DIVINE SELF,

Your letters reached Rama, Thank you. Rama understands the situation through and through. Peace, joy and success shall ever abide with thee. There is no fear, nor danger, nor difficulty of any

kind for a pure soul having cast aside the sense of possession and desire. I stretch myself in the Universe, and rest free ! free ! The viper in the breast is the little "I". Fling it aside, and all the world pays you homage On Rama's return from Minneapolis, a long, type-written letter was mailed to your noble self for publication in the *Practical Wisdom*. The subject of the letter was Practical Wisdom. The first meeting of the world's Unity League at St. Louis was opened under Rama's presidency. In addition to Rama's lectures at the Unity League, talks were also given under the auspices of the Theosophical Society and the Church of Practical Christianity at St. Louis, besides some other places. Rama goes to Chicago in a few days, thence to Buffalo, Lily Dale, and Greenacre Maine, and leaves America in September or before.

Peace, Blessings, and love to all.

Your own Self as

SWAMI RAMA.

(10)

OM !

JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA,

*October 1, 1904.***MOST BLESSED DEAR DIVINITY,**

Rama has not written anything to you for some time. It is because—

- (1) Rama has been ever so busy.
- (2) Wrote no letter to any person in India except the few letters for the Press.
- (3) Knowing that you were in good hands Rama did not think letters from him needful.
- (4) Since leaving Minneapolis Rama received no letters from you.

Peace, Blessing, Love and Joy abide with you for ever and ever.

In following your own inner voice truly, you can be false to no one. We owe nobody anything. Let our labour be the labour of love. To be ever sound and solvent should be our maxim.

Let everybody have his or her experience free. The only right we have

is to serve and help our fellow-men in *their onward* march. But let the march be really *onward* and not a make-believe progress. When I help my friends in their spiritual retrogression, I fall myself with them. Whatever you do, where ever you are, Rama's blessings and love are with you. Day after to-morrow Rama starts for New York and on 8th October most probably embarks on board *Princess Irene* for Gibraltar. It will probaly be some time before reaching India because there is likelihood of stopping at many places on the way.

Motto to remember and to practise :—

If you know any thing unworthy of a friend, *forget it*.

If you know any thing pleasant about the person, *tell it*.

He sits high in all the people's hearts if he chucks out that *which would appear offence in us*.

His countenance, like richest alchemy will change to virtue and to worthiness. The sun-like attitude of a fearless, continuous *Giver*, *serving without hope of reward*,

shedding light and life out of free love, living in Divine radiance as God's glory, above all sense of personality, exempt from selfishness, is Salvation and Redemption.

"I eat of the heavenly manna,
I drink of the heavenly wine.
God is within and around me.
All good is for ever mine."

Your own Self,
SWAMI RAMA.

(The following from Mrs. Wellman has no date.)

"O the joy of the perusal of these precious letters ! and to copy them gives a greater light, joy, holy, uplifted consciousness. Dear Puran, I know they will give you joy, and be a help to all to whom you in turn give. A complete copy, it is impossible to give. The aura of the blessed divine master pervades the paper and all the lines he has penned, I treasure them above all else. The very presence of Rama is with me when I read those gracious lines inspiring ; yea, illumining my mind and heart, until the soul's brightness is perceptible; and my Atma, real Self Divine, is the only reality."

Suryananda.

(11)

Joy ! Joy !! Joy !!!

OM ! ॐ OM !

(The following letter was written by Swami Rama to Mrs. Wellman on his arrival in India from America.)

BOMBAY.

MOST BLESSED DEAR MATA,

Rama has been in Bombay five days and will soon come to Muttra. Lectures and engagements kept Rama busy all along. Rama is infinitely happy as usual. Rama is so glad to learn you are still in India. Wishing you perfect health, cheerful spirits, peaceful heart, and blissful mind, and hoping to see you in Muttra.

Yours in Self,
SWAMI RAMA TIRTHA.

(12)

OM ! ॐ OM !

Anand ! Anand !! Anand !!!

DEAR PURAN,

You know how we all met in Muttra and of the meetings. What a Blessed, blessed, time was that. Om, Om !

PUSHKAR,

February 14, 1905.

MOST BLESSED DEAR MOTHER DIVINE,

A Graduate of the Bombay University, a beautiful young man, has offered his life to Rama's work to-day. He will stay with Rama assisting in literary work. How good is Providence or dear God. *It* or He never deceives those who work in trust on Him.

Narayana Swami will soon be sent to lecture abroad.

The work in nooks and corners is as grand as the work in the bright centres. In a Persian wheel, the small tooth-like wooden support (called *kutta* in Hindustani) is just as important as the oxen. The whole mechanism cannot stand if the poor wooden support be taken off. Nay, every nail attached to the spokes is of paramount importance. What if children do not make use of such apparently small things. In the eyes of God, work, however humble, is just as grand when done in the spirit of Love. The puny dewdrop appears nothing before the *glorious* Sun, but the observant

eye sees that this very tiny drop *reflects* the whole of the solar orb in its sweet little bosom. So my blessed dear mother, soft, silent work in neglected quarters unknown to name and fame is just as noble and indispensable as loud noisy work which attracts the attention of whole mankind. I had been despondent over the little I seemed to be doing. "They also serve who only stand and wait." The mother swathes the tender babe; and when Time brings him to the University, the Professor lectures to the grown-up boy, the mother's role is not so high-flown and reputation-bearing as that of the Professor. Nevertheless the mother's duty is far more sweet and important than the Professor's. We cannot suffer the maternal lap and the lullaby in childhood replaced by Professor's room and lectures.

Vedanta requires a common coolie to look upon his humble labour to be just as important and sacred as that of a Christ or Krishna. When we move one leg of a chair, do we not move the whole chair? So when we raise or elevate one soul, we raise

and ennoble the whole world through him,
so rigid is the solidarity of Man.

Bounded by themselves, and unregardful
In what state God's other work may be.
In their own tasks all their pouring powers.
These attain the mighty life you see.
O air-born voice ! long since severely clear,
A cry like thine in mine own heart I hear.

*Resolve to be thyself; and know that he who
finds himself, loses his misery.*

OM !

Joy ! Joy ! OM ! Peace ! Blessing ! Love.

RAMA.

(13)

PUSHKAR.

(DISTRICT AJMER.)

February 22, 1905.

OM ! Peace ! Blessings ! Love ! Joy !

MOST BLESSED DIVINE MOTHER,

Your sweet, heavenly letter received. It
is indeed wonderful *unison* with God, and
marvellous harmony with Love, to have
such beautiful control over the physical as

blessed Suryananda has. (I had been ill, and healed by divine power, Love).

OM ! Joy ! Jai ! Jai !

The poem you sent was very fine.

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform !
He plants His footsteps in the sea
And rides upon the storm.
Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs
And works His Sovereign Will.
Ye fearful saints, fresh Courage take.
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy and shall break
In blessings on your head.
Behind a frowning Province
He hides a smiling face.
The bud may have a bitter taste
But sweet will be the flower.

Yes, Babu Jyoti Swarupa is indeed a most blessed heavenly incarnation of goodness. He is so kind.

Your own Self as
SWAMI RAMA TIRTHA.

(14)

PUSHKAR, AJMER, DISTRICT.

OM ! Joy ! Joy ! OM ! Peace !

BLESSED MOTHER DIVINE,

Rama had been lying on the roof where you sat with him.

(Through the generous kindness of the Prime Minister at Kishangarh I was permitted to spend a day with the blessed Rama at Pushkar)

Lost in divine consciousness, unconscious till your letter along with some others was brought and placed in Rama's hands. A long, loud, hearty and happy laughter was sent to your blessed self, before opening the letter. OM ! Peace ! Peace ! Peace ! Dearest mother, Rama sends you another peal of joyful laughter after reading your sweet letter.

Mother, you are all right every way, and Rama thoroughly understands your pure, sweet, tender, gentle nature. Rama is writing on different subjects,—prose and some poetry—according to God's dictation.

Babu Ganga Prasad Varma was to go out to other provinces in India, visiting the Girls'

schools and watching the Female Education System abroad, with the view of introducing speedy Female Education Reforms in Lucknow and elsewhere. This work was entrusted to him by the Local Government. For this reason he could not come to see Rama before March. Rama probably won't stay on the plains in summer. Rama loves Kashmir and would highly enjoy your benign company and that of Rai Bhawani Das and other friends. Rama's presence and talks would benefit innumerable hungry souls, if Rama could go with you to Kashmir. But mother divine, the highest privilege that a person can enjoy is the continuous burning of the heart, mind, body and all at the altar of *Truth* and *Humanity*, and this is the way acceptable to the Supreme Spirit in the form of the *Impersonal*, unadulterated, small, still voice from *within*,

"If duty calls to brazen walls,
How base the fool who flinches."

Mother, consecrated life often goes led by some mysterious Divine reason that cannot be analysed.

Rama may accompany you to Kashmir but nothing definite can be said till the very moment of departure.

Your own Self,

 RAMA TIRTHA.

(15)

OM

JAIPUR,
March 9, 1905.

MOST BLESSED DEAREST DIVINITY,

Your prophecy about Rama's coming has proved true so far that Rama has left Pushkar. Which way Rama goes from here, he leaves in the hands of the Supreme Providence (the Surya of Surya) to decide when the time comes. Two lectures were delivered in Ajmer Town Hall. They are going to arrange for lectures in the Town Hall at Jaipur. Puran had been to Pushkar, and wandered with Rama on the hills for two or three days. How sweet is Diljang Singh ! People are coming in crowds to see Rama, and this must be closed. God and I !

All this day we will go together, the night ever insatiate of love we will sleep together

and rise early and go forward in the morning wherever the steps shall lead, in solitary places or among the crowd, it shall be well. We shall not desire to come to the end of the journey nor consider what the end may be. Is not the end of all things with us already ?

OM ! OM ! OM !

Soon will Rama be beyond the reach of letters—in forests, on hills, in God, in you. Don't know when next you may hear from

Your own Self,

RAMA.

Peace, Blessings, Love betide thee for ever.

(16)

OM !

HARDWAR,

Thursday Evening.

MOST BLESSED DEAR MOTHER,

Your prophecy has come out true and Rama is coming to Dehra and his Divine mother. But people out of extreme love stopped Rama at several places on the way. Lectures have been delivered at Alwar, Moradabad, Ajmer and Jaipur. Rama

stopped at Hardwar, parting company on the train with our beloved, blessed Babu Jyoti Swarupa. The people here have come to know about Rama's presence, and they most lovingly implore Rama to prolong his stay. Rama also does not think it worth while to lose this opportunity to do what he can to improve the condition of the youthful Sadhus and others who are wonderfully receptive and hungry for anything proceeding from Rama. Work among the Sadhus, mother, is just what you wanted Rama to undertake, when we met at Muttra. Very lovely Swamis are taking in Rama's teachings.

Rama went up to the temple of Chandi on the opposite side of the Ganges to-day. The temple lies on the top of a lovely little hill. The forest on that side at the river is very thick, and the scenery most picturesque. The view of the Ganges, as branching into scores of streams, and turnings, is extremely beautiful. The Himalyan glaciers present a golden or diamond spectacle from the Chandi's Temple.

BLESSED ONE,

Neither praise nor blame,
Neither friends nor foes,
Neither love nor hatred,
Neither body nor its relations,
Neither home nor strange land.

No ! Nothing of this world is important.
God is ! God is real. God is the only reality.

Let everything go. God, God alone is
the all in all. Peace immortal falls as rain
drops. Nectar is dropping in the rain drops.
Rama's mind is full of peace. Joy flows from
him.

Happy is Rama, and ever happy are you,
dear mother.

Peace ! Blessing !

Love Joy ! Joy ! OM ! OM !

Love, Blessing, joy to your pupils, hos-
tess and host (Babu and Mrs. Jyoti Swarupa .

Your own Self,

RAMA.

(17)

July 5. 1905.

MOST BLESSED DEAR SELF,

Rama's letter sent about a week ago to
your Mussorie address may have reached

your noble self before this. Rama cannot go to Kashmir this summer. So you may leisurely enjoy your pleasure trip to Kailas, Man Sarovar and other places. In the picturesque mountain scenes, you will surely feel at home at the sight of landscapes reminding you of the scenes earlier in life in blessed America.

Rama is very happy !

In the floods of life, in the storm of deeds

up and down I fly,

Hither and thither weave,

From birth to grave.

An endless web,

A changing sea

Of glowing life,

Thus in the whistling loom of time

I fly weaving the living robe of Deity.

OM !

Your ownself,
RAMA.

(18)

OM !

August 10, 1905,

Blessings ! Joy !

Peace ! Peace !

MOST BLESSED DEAR MOTHER,

Your letter was received a few days ago. But Rama has replied to no letters lately. Today are finished three very useful books that Rama has been writing in the vernacular for the people. How is your health now ? Rama wishes you perfect health and strength.

OM ! OM ! OM !

To arrange for your passage to America is after all not a hard matter, but we want you to remain with us. Perhaps it is selfish, but you also love the people here. Are you sure that the feebleness of the physique is due only to the Indian climate, and return to America will certainly do you good ? If so, none of us should insist on keeping you here. We should all help to see you arrive safely in California.

Peace ! Heartfelt-Blessings ! Love !

Hope this letter will see you in good health.

OM !

RAMA.

(19)

OM ! OM ! OM !

Peace ! Blessings ! Love ! Joy ! Joy !

DARJEELING

MOST BLESSED DEAR DIVINITY,

Perhaps you know already Rama is in the hills about a thousand miles from Mussoorie. Rama lives all alone in an old house belonging to the Bengal Forest authorities. Away from the railway line, removed from the Post Office, beyond reach of visitors and callers, surrounded by a scenery among the richest in the world, with beautiful rills, and springs running at short distance from it, and when the weather is fair, commanding a distant view of the world's highest mountain, Mt. Everest. Even here fresh milk is brought to Rama by the mountaineers living in the woods. Walks in the woods and study fill up Rama's time.

What are name, fame, ambitions, wealth, achievements and all, when "man in the woods with God may meet"? Why should we catch and cherish the *fever of doing*?

Let us be divine. The morning breeze blows and is not anxious how many and what sort of flowers bloom. It simply blows on everything, and those buds that are full ripe to sprout, open their eyes. The dens of lions, the burning jungle, the dingy dungeons, the earthquake shocks, the falling rocks, the storms, battlefields and the gaping graves, if accompanied by God-consciousness in us, are far sweeter than pomp, honour, glory, thrones, luxuries, retinue and all, when with these a man is not *Himself* in inner solitude *one with the One without a second*. Oh! the joy of the finished purpose, light steps going about making every step our goal, every night the bodily death, and every day our new life."

Farewell, friends, and part,
The mansion universe is too small.
I and my love alone will play, Oh!
The joys of swimming together!

Together? No. The joy of swimmers dissolved
rolling as the ocean!

Om ! Joy ! Joy !

Your own Self,
 OM.

(20)

(The following is also a portion and the last received by me.)

Om ! Peace ! Peace ! Disciple ! Up !

Untiring hasten to bathe thy breast in the
morning red.

“As journeys this earth, her eye on a Sun, through the heavenly spaces and radiant in azure, or sunless swallowed in tempests.”

Halters not, journeying equal sunlit, or stormgirt,
So thou, son of earth, who hast force, goal and
time, *go still onward.*"

“As the light of the sun in the rain mist,
As the stars reflect in the sea ;
So what to my wonder seems vastest
Is but a reflection from Me.
And all things that my spirit revereth,
All grandeurs my heart would enshrine,
By command of the silence that heareth
Already for ever were mine.
All arguments may fail,
All formal creeds prove false,

confusion. Let us return to our father's house enriched with the experience of mortality. "Let the dead past bury its dead." Let the dead present go on burying its dead. We will listen to the voice speaking in us, and not be ashamed of God. We will call ourselves by that *one* name, for we are born of God, Sexless and *United* in the "I Am."

Thou art the word of the Lord God and thou shalt endure for ever. All Life is invisible.

"Only such as have ceased to see personality, can know the Infinity of being." The narrow-minded ask, "Is this one of our tribe (caste) ? But the twice-born (Born of Truth) are of noble disposition. The whole world is but one family." (Gita).

Light and Love are one. Thou art the self-illuminating one.

"Hatred stirreth up strife but Love covereth all sins."

A man's heart desireth his way. But the Lord directeth his steps.

"Memory's records, sad though sweet, can lose their influence never !"

Dear Puran, I wish I might send money with this to publish all you desire.

I trust, dear Puran, that you will not defer answering this, as I shall want to know if you received it.

Love to your mother, to your wife, also kindly remember me to those who may enquire. I have written *two* letters to Babu Jyoti Swarupa since receiving any reply from him. What has become of Swami Shivgan Acharya? Please tell me if he is still at Muttra. If you see Dear Rama's people or can send them word of my Love for them, please do so. Thou knowest in the kingdom of Truth, Love, Wisdom, we are one ! OM ! OM ! OM ! Ever, As Ever Mother.

Address, Station M. Los Angeles, California, U. S. A.

NATIONAL ANTHEM.

1.

God bless our ancient Hind.
 Ancient Hind, once glorious Hind,
 From Sagar Island to the Sind,
 May perfect peace e'er reign therein.
 God bless our peaceful Hind,

2.

Let all her sons in love unite
And make them do their duty aright.
Fill them with knowledge ever true
And let their virtue shine anew.

3.

Your aid the country doth implore,
Give her a hearing, oh, once more,
National spirit in her do pour,
Extend her fame from shore to shore.
God bless once powerful Hind.

4.

O Krishna of mighty deeds untold.
O Rama ever so brave and bold,
Forsake them not in evil days,
Unworthy though in many ways,
God bless our helpless Hind.

Rama's Lover.

SWAMI RAMA.

The following poem was read at a
Farewell meeting held on the occasion of
Swami Rama's departure for India.

Like golden Oriole neath the Pines,
Rama chants to us his blessed lines.
Rich freighted with the Orient's lore
He spreads it on our Western shore.
A bird of passage on the wing,
He brings a message from the King.

And this his clear resounding call
All, all for God and God for all !
His message given, he flits afar
Like swiftly coursing meteor,
But leaves of Heavenly fire a trace—
A new-born love for all his race.
Adieu ! Sweet Rama, thy radiant smile
A soul in Hades would beguile,
And though we may not meet again
Upon this changing earthly plane,
We know to thee all good must be,
For thou'rt in God and God in thee.

OM ! OM ! OM

5 LETTERS TO MRS. PAULINE WHITMAN

(KAMALANANDA),

HER MOTHER (CHAMPA) AND HER SISTER.

(From Original manuscripts.)

(1)

SHASTA SPRINGS,

July 22, 1903.

DEAR BLESSED CHAMPA (Flora),

Perhaps you would not like to be addressed that way. But whether you do or not, Rama feels inclined to call you by that name. In the East Indian's (Hindus') language every name has a remarkable significance, and the name *Champa* (usually given to girls of noble and high families) literally means sweet-scented, full blown white Jessamine.

This name naturally and spontaneously occurred to Rama just when the pen was handled to write this letter. It can be written—*Champa*—or *Chumpa*.

The other day a long letter was dictated to Kamala (Pauline) in answer to all your queries. Did you receive the letter from her? It contained also some recent poems of Rama.

VEDANTIC DIRECTIONS.

1. Vedantic Religion may be summed up in the single commandment—

Keep yourself perfectly happy and at rest, no matter what happens—sickness, death, hunger, calumny, or anything.

Be cheerful and at peace on the ground of your Godhead to which thou shalt ever be true.

2. The world—its inmates, relations and all are vanishing quantities if you please to assert the Majesty of your real Self.

Inspect, observe and watch or do anything; but do all that in the light of your True Self, that is to say, forget not that your Self is above all that and beyond all want.

You really require nothing. Why should you feel a desire for anything? Do your work with the grace of a Universal Ruler, for pleasure, fun, or mere amusement's sake. Never, never feel that you want anything.

3. When you live these principles of Vedanta, spontaneously will the sweet

aroma of Truth proceed in all directions from you.

Before falling asleep—when the eyes begin to close—every night or noon make a firm resolve in your mind to find yourself an embodiment of Vedantic Truth on waking up.

When you wake up, before doing anything else just bring to your mind vividly the determination dwelt upon before falling asleep.

Whenever you can, just chant or hum to yourself OM.

This way like a true, genuine Champa you will be shedding delicious fragrance and charming glory all around you all the time.

Loud outcries and wounds which once would hurt
and smart,

Now sound so sweet...like hymns of praise or
music's balmy art.

O thief, O slanderer, robber dear !

Look sharp, come, welcome, quick, O don't you fear.

My self is thine, thine is mine,

Yes, if you don't mind,

Please take away these things you think are mine.

Yes, if you think it fit,
 Kill this body at one blow,
 Or slay it bit by bit.
 Take off the body and all you may,
 Be off with name and fame, away !
 Take off, away !
 Yet if you look just turning round,
 'Tis I alone am safe and sound.
 Good day ! O dear, Good day !

NOTES FOR KAMALA.

The true way to bring about Vedantic Socialism is to enjoy our *Now and Here*, irrespective of wealth or poverty, to such a degree that the rich may feel their poverty before us, and rise above their sense of possession. The greatest mistake made by the present-day Socialist is that they *envy* the drop of sea-spray possessed by the so-called wealthy, instead of *pitying* their burden.

Those who have a mind to enjoy can enjoy the diamonds shining in the brilliant star-lit skies, can derive abundance of pleasure from the smiling forests and dancing rivers, can reap inexhaustible joy from

the cool breeze, sunshine and moonlight freely placed at the service of each and all by Nature.

Those who believe *their happiness depends upon particular conditions*, will find the day of enjoyment ever recede from them and run away constantly like will-o-the-wisp. The so called *wealth of the world* instead of being a source of happiness only serves as an artificial screen to shut out the glory and aroma of all Nature—heavens and free scenery.

There is no artificial music which can ever come up to the natural flow of one's own feelings whether in the form of silent tears or solitary laughter, or lonely dabbling in poetry.

All artificial music and especially phonographic music being heard over and over again ultimately jars on the ears and brings down the Soul to the material plane.

Why should we quarrel over an equal distribution of stones and pebbles?

Kamala can well afford to let the so-called rich people make fools of themselves

in claiming an exclusive possession of the disease called *wealth*.

HIMALAYAN SOLITUDE

(To continue for some years yet.)

(The same matter as that of Himalayan scenes No. V given on pages 178 *et seq.* together with the following :—)

.... Deep meditation, study of Vedic Scriptures, and writing on Philosophy and Religion keep Rama busy all the time in this lofty solitude. His village within eight miles. One servant lives at a distance of one mile down the hill to prepare food for Rama. For many months Rama wrote or answered no letters of any kind, giving up all correspondence.

K. and O. (Kamla and Om) need not hurry for India.

Everything will come out in due time beautifully without any impatience on our parts. Just live in God, as God.

Not the body, not the mind,

No relations, no connections,

Constitute your Self.

Nothing but God is,

Nothing but God is your Self.

Peace, Blessings, Joy to the most blessed
Girja and Champa.

Ashtavakra Gita translated by a dear
blessed friend of Rama is sent herewith
under separate cover.

1. Let nothing be committed in the
capacity of little self or personality.

2. Let us live as if the body, etc., never
were (existed).

An ancient Vedic hymn is partly trans-
lated below being originally composed by a
Hindu lady.

....

3. By me, whoever sees, or breathes, or
hears what is said, eats food : they know it
not but are under my control. Listen one
and all, verily it is so.

4. I blow as the wind blows, taking
hold of all worlds : past heaven, past earth :
I am all might.

5. I am Law, the inevitable, I am
Truth, the inexorable. I bend the bow for
Nature that her arrow may smite down the
people who live not God-life.

Over heaven is my reign, over this
mighty earth I stretch.

Prayers of mankind draw nigh me, like
lowing cattle coming home from the forest
in the evening.

Your Self as
RAMA SWAMI.

(2)

OM

September 15, 1903.

DEAREST "GOOD BOY" OR SWEETEST BABY
KAMALA,

You are pure, faultless and Holy of
holies. No blame, no spot, no taint of world-
liness, no fear, no sin. Arn't you such,
darling?

IF YOU NEVER MIND, you might put into
verse the following thoughts. The attempt
to do so will keep you on blessed heights.

These are translated from a Persian
poem that Rama wrote this morning. You
might versify them while in Portland or
Denver. Just suit yourself.

You have every right to modify the
ideas.

1. Rage wild and surge and storm, O Ocean of Ecstasy, and level you down the Earth and Heavens. Drown deep and shatter and scatter all thought and care. O ! what have I to do with these ?

2. Come, let us drink deep and deeper still. O dead drunk ! we weed out the sense of division, pull down the walls of limited existence, and set at large That Unveiled Bliss.

3. Come, madness Divine, quick, look sharp, alack the delay ! My mind is weary of the flesh, O ! let the mind sink, sink in Thee; spare it prompt, from the consuming oven.

4. Set on fire the *meum* et *tuum* (mine and thine); cast to the four winds all fear and hope; eliminate differentiation; let the head be not distinguished from the foot.

5. Give me no bread, give me no water, and give me no shelter or rest, Love's precious parching Thirst ! O Thou alone art enough to atone the decay of millions of frames like this.

The western sky doth seem to glow ?
So beautifully bright ;
Is it the Sun that makes it so ?
Surely it is thy light.

Your own Self,
Rama.

(3)

Kishangadh House,
PUSHKAR,
(AJMER DISTRICT.)

February 22, 1905.

MOST BLESSED DEAR DIVINITY,

What a splendid weather where Rama is. Every day a New Year day and every night a Christmas night. The blue heavens are my cup and the sparkling light my wine.

I am the light air in the hills, I pass and pass and pass. From the hills I creep down into the towns and cities—fresh and pervading through all the streets I pass.

Him I touch and her I touch and you I touch—such is my playful amusement.

I am the Light, lovingly I feed my children—the flowers and plants. I live in

the eyes and hearts of the beautiful and the strong.

Stay with Me, then I pray ;
Dwell with Me through the day
And through the night, and where it is neither
night nor day,

Dwell quietly. Pass, pass not anymore.

Thou canst not pass.

I too am where thou art ;

I hold thee fast :

Not by the yellow sands nor the blue deep,

But in my heart, thy heart of hearts.

By living in the Light of lights the way opens up of itself. The accurate working of details takes place spontaneously (like the opening up of the closed petals of a rose-bud) when the genial light of Devotion and divine Wisdom shines free.

It is hoped you received the January issue of the Thundering Dawn from Puran, Sutarmandi, Lahore.

Your own Self,
 SWAMI RAMA TRUTH.

In the January issue, your poems have been published under the name *Kamala Nanda* which is a full Swami name.

When you send any fresh contributions, they will appear under the name 'Om' If you like.

Love, Blessings, Joy, Peace to dear blessed Girja and all.

OM ! OM !! OM !!!

STARS.

From the intense, clear, star-sown vault of heaven,
 Over the lit sea's unquiet way,
 In the resulting night-air came the voice,
 "Wouldst thou be as they are ? Live as they,
 Unaffrighted by the silence round them,
 Undistracted by the sights they see.
 These demand not that the things without them
 Yield them love, amusement, sympathy.
 And with joy the stars perform their shining,
 And the sea its long moon-silvered roll ;
 For self-poised they live, nor pine with nothing,
 All the fever of some differing soul.
 Bounded by themselves and unregardful
 In what state God's other work may be
 In their own tasks, all their powers pouring
 These attain the mighty life you see."

(4)

PUSHKAR.

District Ajmer, India.

Joy ! Joy ! Joy !

Peace ! Blessings ! Love ! Joy !

DEAREST MOST BLESSED SELF,

On the bank of a calm, clear and deep, deep lake Rama lives. A long, even-sized, continuous hill lies stretched on one side, wearing a beautiful green shawl all over. Mango-groves abound here. There are two little flower-gardens in the house where Rama lives. Flights of gorgeous peacocks keep screaming from their metallic throats. Ducks are playfully swimming and diving in the lake. Narayana Swami (the beautiful young man of whom Rama may have spoken to you) is here helping Rama in copying his writings, etc.

This lake is called the Earth's eye. The wooded hills and cliffs are its overhanging brows. It is a mirror which no stone can crack, whose quicksilver will never wear off, a mirror in which all impurity presented to

it sinks, swept and dusted by the Sun's hazy brush—this the light dust-cloth.

This lake is one of the highest characters Rama has met ; how well it preserves purity ! It has not acquired one wrinkle after all its ripples. It is perennially young.

Let such be our hearts.

OM ! OM !!

In summer Rama moves up to the cool Himalayas.

The western sky doth seem to glow

So beautiful bright ;

Is it the sun that makes it so ?

Surely it is thy light.

Here do—

Birds hang and swing, green-robed and red,

Or droop in curved lines dreamily,

Rainbows reversed from tree to tree ;

Or sing low hanging overhead,

Sing soft as if they sing and sleep,

Sing low like some distant waterfall,

And take no note of us at all.

The *Thundering Dawn* is re-started. Four new numbers have already been out. The January issue is almost entirely from Rama's pen. Some of Kamala's poems have

also been given under the name of Kamalananda.

No letter from Kamala is received in India.

Peace, Blessings, Love from

Your own Self,

SWAMI RAMA.

TO DEAR LITTLE OM, Joy, Joy, Joy,
and Love to Girja.

You must be ready at the right time to come to Rama. Rama will write when the time comes. OM ! OM !!

Rama.

(5)

OM !

JOY ! BLESSINGS ! PEACE ! LOVE !
Darjeeling.

August 30, 1905.

MOST BLESSED DEAREST ONE,

For three months Rama was on the summit of a mountain (about 8,000 ft.) opposite the world's highest mountain, *viz.*, Mt. Everest. Day after to-morrow he will go down to the plains. Five books

have been written here and twenty books read.

Rama's mind is brimful of joy and peace.

The world has, as it were, entirely vanished from the mind.

God, God alone

Everywhere !

Within, without

Far and near !

O Joy !

Thrilling peace !

Undulating Bliss !

What a heaven !

Peace ! Blessings ! Love !

Health spiritual, mental, and physical,
and all that is good, Girja, Om, Champa and
others dear to you.

Peace immortal falls as rain drops.

Nectar is dropping in musical rain.

Drizzle ! Drizzle !! Drizzle !!!

My clouds of glory, they march so gaily !

The worlds as diamonds drop from them.

Drizzle ! Drizzle !! Drizzle !!!

My breezes of Law blow rhythmical rhythmical.

Lo ! Nations fall like petals, leave

Drizzle ! Drizzle !! Drizzle !!!

My balmy breath, the breeze of Law,
 Blows beautiful ! beautiful !
 Some objects swing and sway like twigs,
 And others like the dewdrops fall.

Drizzle ! Drizzle !! Drizzle !!!

My graceful light, sea of white !
 An ocean of milk, it undulatesr.
 It ripples softly, softly, softly;
 And then it beats out worlds of spray !
 I shower forth the stars as spray !

Drizzle ! Drizzle !! Drizzle !!!

RAMA.

OM ! OM ! OM !



3 LETTERS FROM AMERICA

(1)

SHASTA SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA

August 10, 1903.

(Under the canopy of starlit heaven, in a Natural garden on the bank of a Mountain Stream.)

DEAR BLESSED SELF,

Your letter along with some other mail received just after coming back from a most pleasant trip to the top of Mt. Shasta (14444 ft. altitude).

Dear, thou shalt absolutely *do* nothing

Set well thy house in order, open thy doors, let them stand wide for all to enter—thy treasures, let the poorest take of them then come thou forth to where I wait for thee.

Pass out—free O Joy—free flow on, ! swim across in the Sea of Equality, समता समुद्र. At one jerk snap asunder, break off all ties and duties, and stand glorious in Thy Godhead.

بر چشمہ خور سحاب تا کے کے
वर चरम ए खूर सहाब तकै के के

The people of Portland (Oregon) write Rama in a long poem which partly runs as follows :—

“Dear little Lotus Flower,
Nestling in thy cozy bower,
Mid the leaves so cool and green
happy eyes alone Thou’rt seen.
Smiling, resting, billing, cooing
The soft Zephyrs gently wooing
Lifting up thy star-lit eyes
To the heavenly blissful skies
Thou dost rest so gently on—
Silent, laughing, wonderous, calm.
All the world’s to thee
Thyself; and nothing
More or less.

* * * *

The flowers smile and nod with glee;
Soon, soon, thou wilt be here.
The clouds let down their dewy tears
To welcome these so dear !
Thy message lo ! the wind doth blow
Where does the sound come from ?
Above, below, behind, before
“I come, I come, I come.”

No more letters to Rama. If Rama please, he may drop a line or so, but letters addressed to Rama will not reach him.

Look within, search within, you will
always get the answers. Yourself is Rama.

Invitations come from all quarters.

پر بھئی ! ”وہ تو موج کا مالک ہے“
خبال تو تھا کہ دنیا کے فت بال کو لڑھکاتا لڑھکاتا ہوا رام فارس کی
کی راہ شاید بھارت کو آئیگا—لیکن اس کا کبہا تھکانا ؟
ماضی ہے نہ مستقبل—فرض ہے نہ قرض—زینا نہ دینا تو رنگ
یہودی میں کسی دن یہ جسم کا بلبلا پھوٹے فہین آنا ؟
یہاں کس کا بھارت اور کس کا امریکہ ؟
جس کو غرض پڑی ہو ان قلمی کتابوں کے دھیر
(Manuscripts) کو بعد چھپواتا پھرے—
جتنے گئی سوہنی اونٹے مہین وال
چھت دنیا چھت کم دنیا دے نالے دنیا والے—
منی ایما تلقی ! من تھوی دعال دنیا و اھملہ—

पर, भई ! वह तो मौज का मालिक है ।

खयाल तो यह था कि दुनिया के फ़ुट बाल को लुढ़काता-
लुढ़काता राम फ़ारस की राह शायद भारत को आयगा, लेकिन इसका
क्या ठिकाना ?

माज़ी है न मुस्तक़बिल, क़र्ज़ है न क़र्ज़, लेना न देना ।
तरंगे-बेब्रुदी में किसी दिन यह जिस्म का बुलबुला फूटने को
नहीं आता ?

यहाँ किसका भारत और किसका अमरीका ?
जिसको गरज़ पड़ी हो इन क़ल्मी क़िताबों के ढेर (Manuscripts)
को बाद में छपवाता फिरे ।

जित्थे गई सोहनी, ओथे महींवाल ।
 छड़ दुन्या, छड़ कम्म दुन्या दे, नाले दुन्या वाले
 मता मातएकमिन तहवा दाउद दुनिया वा आमिल्ला ॥

BUSINESS PAGE

1. 21 Pages of نظم were sent the other day. If Babu Harlal be willing to publish that, well and good, otherwise you may see it through the Press with his consent.

2. You may correspond with Babu Ram Narayana, c/o, RAI CHANDOO LAL, Deputy Collector and Magistrate, Agra, in regard to राम वर्मा and other Urdu lectures if they have printed any.

3. 8 Pages of English poetry are sent herewith.

4. The "Appeal" was handed to the *President of the United States* in a personal interview by Rama. The whole matter is for the present laid in the hands of a committee of San Francisco nobility.

5. The four lectures sent from San Francisco were to be reprinted in India. You can get any number of copies there. For further particulars, write please to Babu Harlal.

6. OM ! OM ! to Pandit Ułai Chandra
and all. OM ! OM !! OM !!!

(2)

PORTLAND, ORE.

To

MRS. E. C. CAMPBELL.

Denver, Colorado.

When people set *their heart on anything* and meet with obstacle, there do they get ruffled and upset. The cause of agitation and disturbance without exception is the tendency to resist the seeming *Evil*. Thus, don't you think Christ had his head level when he said, "Resist not Evil"? Keep yourself calm, perfectly happy, and receive with good cheer whatever appears to be opposing the current of your desire. When we don't lose our balance and remain centred in Self, Rama has always seen through personal experience that the seeming evil turns into good. Don't you remember how those Rs. 10 were sent to a Hindu student after a seeming evil? But by distemper and disquietude we shut out upon

ourselves the gate of all the blessings, noble thoughts and happy pieces of fortune that might be awaiting us. Overcome all evil and difficulties by a mind carrying the body and worldly life on the palm of its hand, in other words, by giving a mind full of *love* than which there is no higher force. Om !

Your own dear Self as

RAMA SWAMI.

(3)

PORTLAND, ORE.

To

MRS. E. C. CAMPBELL,

Denver, Colorado.

YOU ARE CONSTANTLY REMEMBERED BY RAMA.

OM ! OM !!

You are so sincere, pure, noble, earnest, faithful and very good ! Are you not ?

1. To compare or contrast one person with another in the mind.
2. To compare oneself with any body else mentally.
3. To compare the present with the past and brood over the memory of past mistakes.

4. To dwell upon future plans and fear anything.
 5. To set our heart on anything but the one Supreme Reality.
 6. To depend on outward appearances and not to practically believe in the inner Harmony that rules over everything.
 7. To jump up to the conclusions from the *words*, or seeming conduct of people, and not to rest thoroughly satisfied with faith in the Spiritual Law.
 8. To be led astray too far in conversation with the people.
- It is this that breeds discontent in people's mind. Therefore shun these eight sources of trouble. Om !

Your own noble Self as
RAMA Swami.

3 LETTERS FROM INDIAN PLAINS
KISHANGARH HOUSE,
PUSHKAR, AJMERE.

*(For the Thundering Dawn or for immediate
publication elsewhere)*

(1)

WHO AM I ?

MOST BLESSED DEAR SELF,

Take up a mirror and see Me reflected in it. Enter into inner solitude and feel Me as the Power of Silence. Look up at the Sun and behold my likeness. "Verily know Me, this is the highest gain for man. Know Me. Whoever knows Me, by no deed soever is his future bliss marred, never will depart the bloom from the face of one who knows Me." (*Upanishad.*)

Blessed art thou, whosoever, from whose eyes the scales are dropped to see Me ! Blessed is the place where thou walkest, for it must be turned into paradise by your Rama glances. Everywhere my home is,

Beating in thy breast, seeing in thy eyes, throbbing in thy pulse, smiling in the flowers, laughing in the lightning, roaring in the rivers, and silent in the mountains is Rama. Fling aside Brahmanhood, burn up Swamiship, throw overboard the alienating titles and honours, Rama is one with you, darling. Whoever you be, learned or ignorant, rich or poor, man or woman, saint or sinner, Christ or Judas, Krishna or Gopi, Rama is your own Self. I am determined to thunder out in your bosom my Godhead, your Godhead, and proclaim it through every deed and moment.

Germany, England, America, India and all, I must shake them to freedom. I am tired of the old game. Dream-walker! dost thou hear the Himalayan Peal? Dost thou feel the Thundering Dawn? Freedom! Freedom !

No flimsy phantom this. So wills Rama, your Self of self, and Rama's order is absolute.

Freedom! Freedom !!

Not to produce millions of followers like Buddha, Mohammed, Christ and other Prophets or Incarnations, but to produce, evoke or express Rama himself in every man, woman and child is Rama's mission. Trample over this body, eat up this personality, grind, digest and assimilate me, then alone you do justice to Rama.

OM ! OM !! OM !!!

مراسلہ بنام رسالہ الف
ایک سال سے زیادہ عرصہ تک تم ب بن کر لیٹے آخر کہاں نک
گہڑے ہو دم باذنی
رام بادشاہ
ہر دل و دیدہ میں جا جہذا الف کا تھرنک دے-بہت سا
مضمون رسالہ الف کے لئے بھی تیار پڑا ہے خرچ و رچ کی پرواہ
کو ایک دم در یا برد کردو—

मुरासिला बनाम रिसाला अलिफ़
एक साल से ज़्यादा अरसे तक। तुम 'बे' बन कर लेते रहे। आखिर
कहाँ तक ? उठ खड़े हो। क्रम बढ़नी। राम बादशाह
हर दिलो-दीदह में जा झंडा अलिफ़ का ठोंक दे।
बहुत सा मज़मून रिसाला अलिफ़ के लिये भी तैयार पड़ा है। खर्च वच
की परवाह को एक दम दरया बुद कर दो।

Resolve to be thyself and know that he who finds himself loses his misery.

(2)

Advocate Office,
LUCKNOW,

The Steamer for Japan leaves Calcutta on about August 20th, 1902.

It is not known when Rama returns to India. Even the landing place will not be foretold.

Ever with you, ॐ

RAMA.

(3)

MUZAFFARNAGAR,
October 18, 1905.

SWEETHEART, GREAT HEART

Ashes smeared to the hands wash clean the skin.

So, thrice blessed are physical ailments, when they rub away along with themselves the skin-consciousness,

O welcome illness and pain !

So long as a dead carcass is left in the house, there is every danger of all kinds of pest; when the corpse is removed, health reigns supreme. Just so, as long as body-

consciousness is cherished, we invite every malady in the world. Burn away the body and its bearings, and immediately we enjoy unrivalled Sovereignty.

Hurrah ! Hurrah !

No jealousy, no fear ;

I'm the dearest of the dear.

No sin, no sorrow ;

No past, no morrow,

The learned Mahatmas with hair splitting heads and prominent bellies.

The spectacled Professors 'astonishing the innocent students in the laboratory or the observatory.

The bare-headed orators striking dumb their audiences from their pulpits or platform.

Even the poor rich full of complaints of one kind or another—

All these I am.

The heavens and stars,

Worlds, near and far,

Are hung and strung

On the tunes I sung ;

No rival, no foe !
No injury, no woe !
No, nothing could harm me,
No, nothing alarm me
The soul of all,
The nectar-fall,
The Sweetest Self,
Yea ! health itself.
The prattling streams,
The happiest dreams,
All myrrh and balm,
Rawan and Rama,
So pure, so calm,
Am I, am I,

RAMA.



WANTED.

Reformers

Not of others but of themselves,

Who have won

Not University distinctions,

But victory over the local self;

Age: the youth of divine joy ;

Salary: Godhead.

Apply sharp

With no begging solicitations

but commanding decision to

the Director of the Universe,

Your Own Self.

Om !

Om !

Om !

Om !

